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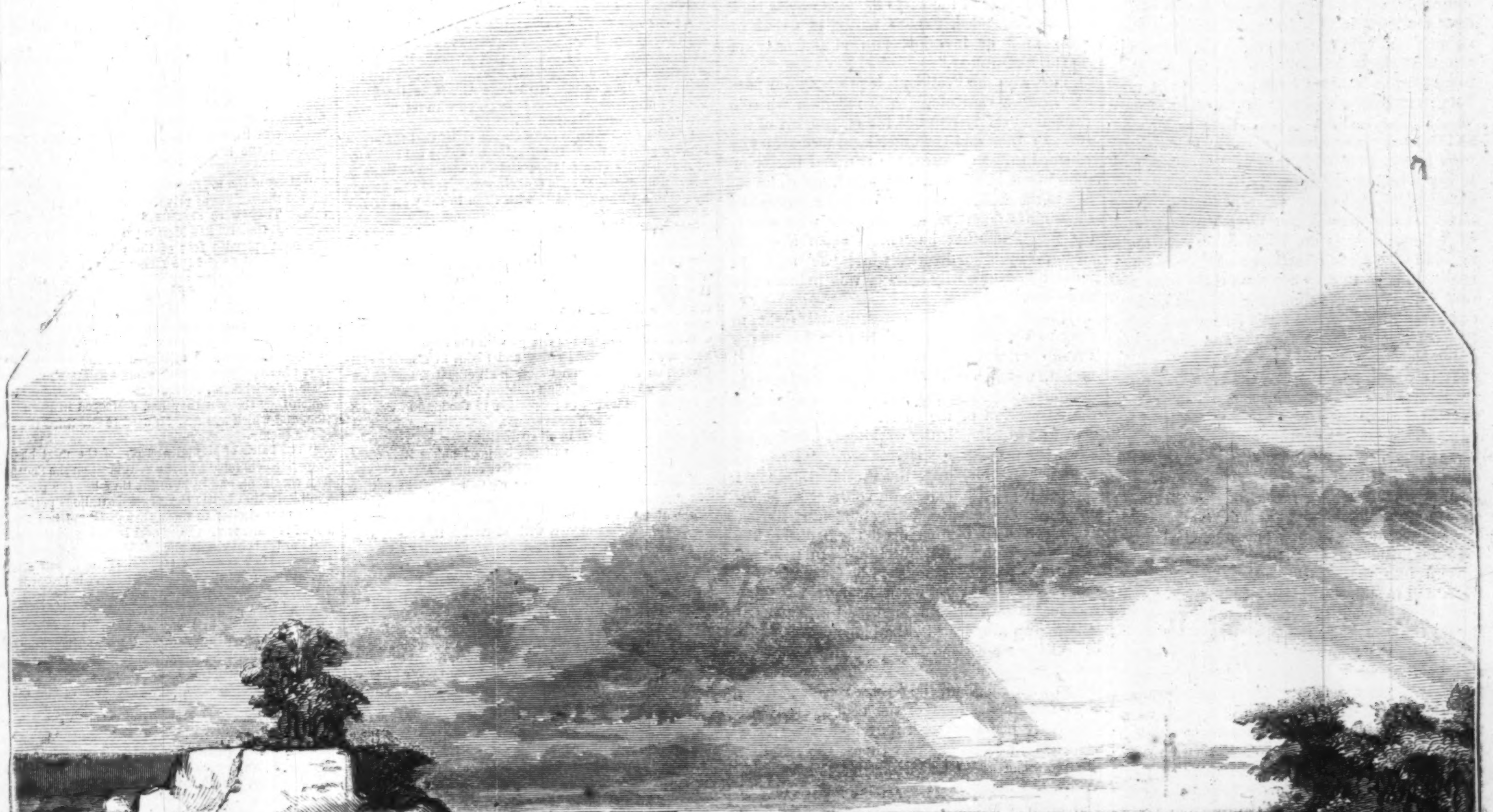

IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE VICKSBURG—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL STRONG TAKES A SHOT.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 405.]

TO ADVERTISERS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 27, 1863.

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

GENERAL LEE has verified the predictions we published in our last number with startling exactness. A part of his army has invaded Pennsylvania, now occupies one or two of the southern towns in that State, and menaces Harrisburg. A wild panic pervades the State, and the military organization which should have preceded the invasion by several weeks is now being hurriedly completed, in the midst of universal terror and confusion. Even as far west as Pittsburg the operatives in the machine-shops have knocked off work, called for speeches, and fallen to building earth-works. Meanwhile the alarm has spread to the adjacent States. New Jersey, Ohio, New York, West Virginia, and even Massachusetts are hurrying forward their militia to the scene of action, and there is some reason to hope that by the time these lines are read a new army of volunteer militia, as numerous if not as efficient as Lee's forces, will interpose between the rebel advance and the capital of the Keystone State.

It is stated that the Government was fully aware of Lee's designs, and suffered the rebels to cross the Potomac for ulterior purposes of its own. This may be so, though the prize which it was proposed to purchase by the sacrifice of one half of Milroy's army and the flourishing town of Chambersburg must—one would think—have been tolerably substantial.

The rebel journals, and some organs of opinion here, intimate that it is Lee's design to push forward into the heart of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and to stay at Pittsburg or Harrisburg, or some other convenient point—in other words, to invade the North on the plan which we have pursued at the South, taking all he can seize, and holding what he takes. The event will probably prove the fallacy of this expectation. No army of the size of Lee's can operate as a movable or flying column without a base; and no body of troops small enough to operate as a movable column would be safe in any part of the State of Pennsylvania. A brigade or a division of cavalry, moving swiftly from place to place, and avoiding the large towns, may make successful raids even into Pennsylvania, and may destroy bridges and stores, and carry off large quantities of plunder, without running more than the average risks of war. But if Lee, or any of his generals, attempts to move a *corps d'armee* of twelve to fifteen thousand men of the three arms, into any Northern State, it is demonstrable that the chances would be heavily against their return. And if he moves with any larger force than this, he must keep his communications open with his base or perish. This has been the cardinal principle which has impeded our operations so seriously in Virginia. Whenever the army of the Potomac has moved any considerable distance from its base, its communications have been cut, and the very existence of the army endangered. It will be so with Lee. If he operates from Winchester, which is the most probable base for a campaign against Southern Pennsylvania, he will not dare to move much beyond Hagerstown or Chambersburg; for if he does, his communications will infallibly be cut, and his army will have to retreat or perish.

Many motives have been assigned for Lee's sudden march from Fredericksburg to Winchester. It is hardly worth while to discuss any of them, as the most plausible is after all mere conjecture. But it is not difficult to understand that the preservation of the morale of the rebel army and the rebel people, in view of the proximate fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the loss of the Mississippi Valley, imperatively required that some dashing enterprise—involving possibilities of brilliant successes—should be undertaken, and this theory alone might suffice to account for Lee's recent strategy; which, in any other point of view, would seem to be unworthy of his reputation.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

We wish we could find space in our crowded columns for the President's very admirable reply to a Democratic meeting at Albany, which, through the hands of Mr. Erastus Corning, transmitted to him certain resolutions censuring the arrest and exile of Clement L. Vallandigham. Whether we view the paper as a calm exposition of the law of the case, and of the duty and responsibility of the Executive, or whether we prefer to look at it in a more personal light, as a semi-private letter, written in justification of Mr. Lincoln's course—for it will bear this construction—it will challenge universal respect, and give its author a fresh claim to the gratitude of the people.

First, as to the facts of the case. The letter says:

> Mr. Vallandigham avows his hostility to the war on the part of the Union; and his arrest was made because he was laboring, with some effect, to prevent the raising of troops, to encourage desertions from the army, and to leave the rebellion without an adequate military force to suppress it. He was not arrested because he was damaging the political prospects of the Administration, or the personal interests of the Commanding-General, but because he was damaging the army, upon the existence and vigor of which the life of the nation depends. He was warring upon the military, and this gave the military constitutional jurisdiction to lay hands upon him.

As to the power of the Government to arrest such a traitor as this, and to deny him the right of *habeas corpus* and the privileges of a trial in the courts, the President very properly refers to that clause in the Constitution which states that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, UNLESS WHEN, IN CASES OF REBELLION OR INVASION, THE PUBLIC SAFETY SHALL REQUIRE IT."

This, says the President, is precisely our present case—a case of gigantic rebellion wherein the public safety requires the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and the other legal formalities by which, in time of peace, the personal liberty of the citizen is secured. In proof hereof, he refers to the military necessity which requires the shooting of deserters, and inquires, with crushing force, whether he "must shoot a simple soldier-boy who deserts, while 'he' may not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?"

Having proved his constitutional right to deny to Vallandigham a trial in the courts, the President devotes a few sentences to the absurd notion, which has lately been used at certain pseudo-democratic meetings in this city, that the suspension of the *habeas corpus* in time of civil war will impair the working of our free institutions when peace is restored. "I can no more believe this," says the President, "than I can believe that a man could contract so strong an appetite for emetics during temporary illness, as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life." In point of fact, the precedent established by General Jackson at New Orleans, when he suspended the writ of his own mere motion, and arrested the lawyer who asked for it, the judge who granted it, and the editor who said it should have been issued, settles this point. When peace was restored with England, the *habeas corpus* and the other free institutions of the country resumed their play just as though they had never been suspended, and no one ever thought of resisting them on the ground of Jackson's proceedings. When the rebellion is over, no public official will attempt to use the arbitrary power which a due concern for the public safety now forces into the hands of the President and his commanding Generals—until another "rebellion or invasion" take place, when again the "supreme law" will override all others, as it does at present.

We judge that Mr. Lincoln's real object in publishing this letter to the Albany Democrats, was not only to make them and their co-workers ashamed of the mean position which they occupy in trying to weaken the hands of the Government at a time when the very life of the nation hangs trembling in the balance, but also to warn the secret traitors who swarm in our midst that he is perfectly determined to do his duty to the country, and that the case of Vallandigham may possibly prove a precedent for future action. It is clear as noonday that if the soldier-boy who deserts is to be shot—and all officers declare that without shooting deserters armies can not be kept together—the infamous scoundrel who stays at home, and by lying words tempts him to desert, by weakening his confidence in his officers, misrepresenting and reviling the cause in which he is fighting, predicting the hopelessness of the conflict, damping his ardor, and fomenting his discontent, ought not, in common justice, to escape unscathed. We have in this city men who, within a month, have said and written words which, if distributed through the army of the Potomac, and believed by the troops, could not fail to have yielded a large crop of desertions. There are newspapers published here whose sole aim appears to be to dishearten our troops; to represent that they are engaged in an unjust, a needless, a brutal war; to persuade them that they are the tools of reckless abolition agitators, whose object is to raise the black man at the expense of the white; in a word, to provide every lazy and discontented soldier with an ample supply of reasons for deserting on the first opportunity. At the late peace meeting held here under the auspices of the ex-Mayor of New York, and at several meetings held during the recent canvass in Connecticut, such a picture was drawn of the war, of the Administration, and of the generals, that a shrewd soldier, seeing and believing it, must have deemed it almost a duty to desert. With what feelings, under these circumstances, can any lover of justice, or any man who has a relative in the army, read the ominous dispatch which now appears three or four times a week in the newspapers: "Two more deserters were shot this morning?" Instead of wanting Vallandigham back, ought we not rather to demand of the President, in justice and mercy, that a few more examples be made of Northern traitors?

THE LOUNGER.

COLORED TROOPS.

THE military discussion of chief interest at this moment is that of the value of colored troops. Thus far in the war, upon every occasion when they have been in action, they have shown the heroism, subordination, coolness, and unfaltering resolution which are essential to the successful soldier. But a most interesting chapter of testimony upon the subject has been intrusted to us by a friend, who receives it from Major Edelmiro Mäyer, a soldier of the Argentine Republic, who has entered the service of this country, having come most amply accredited to the President and distinguished civil and military personages from the most eminent persons of his own country. We shall make only such changes in his expressions as are absolutely essential. The Major writes in English:

> "I am very much surprised that the ability, and I may say the supreme excellence, of the negro as a soldier should be questioned. But I remember that when the New World was discovered the Europeans questioned whether the Indians were men or not, until Pope Alexander the Sixth issued a bull declaring them to be gifted with intelligence, and to be descendants from Adam.....
>
> "What foundation is there for the belief that the negro is not a good soldier? In my opinion he does not lack any of the qualities of a soldier; and this opinion of mine is founded upon severe tests of their worth, seen and known by me in a long experience with them in the wars of the Argentine Republic.
>
> "The principal branch of the army is the infantry. Let us then consider the negro as a foot-soldier.
>
> "To be a good infantry soldier it is necessary that the man should be robust, and sober, and able to bear privation and fatigue. He must be gifted with the passive courage of the artillerist and the marine, and he must also possess such intrepidity that, when the occasion offers, he will dash forward on the charge with the impetuosity of a horseman. Fighting by day and night, in summer and winter, on land and on water, in all climates, and on all kinds of ground; enduring fatigue, cold, and hunger, he needs an intelligence in proportion to the kind of war he wages—a continued perseverance, dexterity, energy, and moral force to engage in all combats.
>
> "Now the infantry will not be good unless it is composed of individuals who will receive canister shot at 'Support arms' without dodging or changing position; who will receive or attack the enemy with bayonet or ball; who will make long marches without shoes, and camp without water in summer, without clothes in winter, and eating little, fight without rest.
>
> "Find a race of men with such qualities, and you have the best infantry in the world. In general the negroes are robust; but the slaves are much more likely to be so, because they are habituated to incessant work, and they are able to bear the privations and fatigue of campaigns with admirable resignation, and it may be said with a stoical impassibility.
>
> "That the negro is courageous is shown by the history of my country, in which are written the names of many black heroes.
>
> "In the South American War of Independence the army of the Argentine Republic aided in giving liberty to five other republics (Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Paraguay, and Uraguay), and in that army were many battalions of negroes. The Spanish armies, which had just come from combating the legions of Napoleon the Great, know very well of what metal those negroes are made, for the Spaniards were defeated by them in many battles.
>
> "In the war which the Argentine Republic had with Brazil, in 1825, the Brazilians had 8000 foreign soldiers in their infantry, who, in the decisive battles of 'Ituzaings' (in which the Argentine arms were victorious), were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners by an inferior number of negroes, commanded by a negro named Colonel Barcala, who had been promoted in the regular army to this high position on account of his heroism, military talent, and gentlemanly manners.
>
> "In the long and cruel civil war of the Argentine Republic, in which two opposite elements wrestled—civilization and barbarity—the negroes were always on the side of the civilized party, and they have always been sublimely faithful to it. Never were the leaders of the barbarian party able to persuade these negroes to serve them; they have in every instance preferred the tortures of the tyrant J. M. Rosas and sure death to treason.
>
> "*Never* have they deserted the flag of liberty.
>
> "When the army of liberty was decimated by Rosas, and the Argentine Republic had been made a vast cemetery for all those who loved liberty—when our army had been deprived of its most necessary leaders, and the men had perished by hunger, thirst, and the fatigue of those campaigns, the negroes made themselves illustrious for the perseverance, dexterity, and moral force with which they wrestled with all trials and overcame all difficulties.
>
> "The negroes are never insubordinate, and subordination is the soul of a good army; they are also very faithful to their commanders and officers.
>
> "I will relate to you a fact which occurred in 1854. The retrograde party having taken possession of the Government of Uruguay Republic, the liberals determined to humble them, and so they joined some regiments of the National Guard of Montevideo, the capital of the republic. The revolution was crushed, and its abettors were banished forever from the country. At this time there were three battalions of negroes who besought their chiefs to be allowed to accompany them in their banishment. Their commanders consented. They came to Buenos Ayres, and they have always been true to their principles, and helped their chiefs to humble the despotic Government of their country, which they attempted in 1857, and in which unhappy expedition the greater part of the army of liberty perished by the cutting edge of the enemy's sword.
>
> "I have had some of those negro soldiers, and I have led them to the fight. Would to God I could ever obtain again the command of such soldiers as those; for I know that, even if not victorious, at least they would never leave the field without doing honor to our arms and flag!"

BARCALA.

IN a subsequent letter Major Mäyer gives the following account of a celebrated negro chieftain whose fame survives in the Argentine Republic like that of Toussaint L'Ouverture in St. Domingo.

Besides the brave Colonel Barcala other negroes have distinguished themselves in the wars of South America. Borros, the Portuguese historian of Brazil, says that in his opinion the negro soldiers are preferable to the Swiss, who in his day were considered the best infantry in the world. In fact one of the most distinguished characters in Brazilian history was Henry Diaz, a negro, who from a slave became, like Barcala, the colonel of a regiment of soldiers of his own color. In 1637, at the head of his soldiers, he took from the Dutch the fort and town of Arecise. In 1645, in one of his battles, a ball shattered his left hand. To spare the delay of dressing the wound he caused it to be amputated on the spot, saying that each finger of his right was worth the whole of his left hand in battle. The historian Menezes praises his consummate skill, and the devotion and intrepidity of his followers:

> "You desire to know more of Colonel Barcala, whose name you have seen in the letter which I wrote to ——. I know perfectly well that your interest in him is not a mere idle curiosity, but is born of your profound love to the good cause, and of your wish to put in action whatever may contribute in any way to elevate the oppressed negro race.
>
> "You think that it may be useful and interesting to know something of this fellow-countryman of mine—a man eminent by his talents, virtues, and heroic deeds. Well, then, I will make you a sketch of that negro, as noble and brave as the Bayard of France. I am only afraid that it will be very imperfect, because I am far from those who could give me dates, and I must depend only on my memory. But the few details that I can relate to you of this martyr for liberty will enable you to judge of him.
>
> "Colonel Barcala was born in the city of Mendoza, where his parents were slaves. The owner of them loved the little negro, seeing him so intelligent, and gave him a good education. The war of independence revolutionized the society of the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, and when the first congress met, in 1815, it declared free every one born after that day in the Argentine Republic, and also forbad the introduction of slaves. The love of liberty inspired the hearts of most of the citizens, who gave immediately freedom to their negroes, begging them only to help to maintain the liberty and independence of the new republic.
>
> "Many of the negroes marched to the encampments and offered themselves as privates, and among them was Barcala. They were organized into battalions with white officers. General San Martin passed with them the Andes, the most splendid feat of the military history of South America, and fought the memorable battle of Chacabuco, so disastrous for the Spaniards. In this battle Barcala was made a corporal for his distinguished gallantry.
>
> "A short time after the liberating army was surprised in the night, and, unfortunately, nearly all dispersed. Corporal Barcala was made Sergeant for the activity and intelligence which he displayed on this occasion. Seven days afterward the Spanish army was attacked, greatly to their astonishment, in the field of Maypu, by the army which they thought they had destroyed in the recent action, and which was now reduced to one third the number of the enemy.
>
> "The battle of Maypu was one of the most bloody and desperate ever fought by the Spaniards on the South American continent, and in losing it they lost the possession of Chili. In that battle the negro battalions performed exploits very similar to those that distinguished the Rhode Island regiments under General Burnside at Antietam.
>
> "For his behavior in the battle Barcala was made Lieutenant. He was the first negro officer in our army, and had at that time three decorations on his breast.
>
> "Constantly battling, without rest, the liberating army followed the Spaniards to Bolivia and Peru. It returned to Buenos Ayres in the year 1823. Barcala had made eight years of continued campaigns, and when he returned to his father-land, from which he went out as private, he came as Colonel of a Regiment, covered with glory, with fifteen decorations, and with the love and esteem of all the army.
>
> "It is necessary to understand that the chiefs and officers of the army were from the most notable and select portions of society, in order justly to appreciate the merit of Barcala, an emancipated negro slave, who raised himself to so high a rank by his talents, heroism, knowledge, and virtues.
>
> "In the war with Brazil, in 1825, you know the figure that he made, because you have read the letter which I have written to ——.
>
> "In 1828 broke out our civil war, and Barcala, like all the negroes, was with the party of liberty. The Liberal army, being in the State of Cordova, fought there the battle of the Tablada, under General Paz (the only South American General who has not lost a battle, notwithstanding he fought many and very notable ones, among which is this, the bloodiest in South American history), and General Facundo Quiroga, the Argentine Attila.
>
> "After two days of fighting, in which was displayed by one side the greatest strategy and valor, and by the other the greatest impetuosity in the furious charges of cavalry, and the greatest obstinacy, General Paz remained master of the field; and in the general order which he gave the next day he magnified the knowledge and talent of his chief-of-staff, and declared that he owed to him mainly the victory. This chief-of-staff of General Paz, the most strategical and learned of all the South American Generals, and the most severely sparing of eulogies, was the Colonel Barcala.
>
> "I will relate to you two or three facts which will throw some light upon his character.
>
> "The Liberal army being in the city of Cordova, the high society of the city gave a great banquet to the chiefs and officers. In the negro battalions were some colored officers, who had been promoted for their merits. Well, then, not one of those officers would go to the banquet, but gave sincere thanks for the invitation. I knew, two years ago, one of those officers; and when I asked him for the reasons why they had refused the invitation, he told me: 'In the army we had known well what we were as officers, but we also knew our position in society, for so has taught us our Colonel Barcala.' For, having been slaves, they, of course, were without high culture.
>
> "A few days after this there was given a ball to the generals and chiefs. It was the custom to open these balls with a minuet danced by the commanding general and his chief-of-staff. Colonel Barcala, who, by order of his general, was present, and was in the side-rooms, refused to go into the parlor to dance, saying that he did not know how to do it. Then one of those ladies appointed to dance that minuet, whom I know, and who, now in advanced years, preserves the aristocratic air that was characteristic of her manners, approached him and said, 'I will direct you; now you will not longer refuse to dance.' Barcala danced with all the grace and freedom of a man of the court. The minuet finished, he walked out of the parlor and went away. Afterward he said to this lady, 'Though you sought to honor me, you really mortified me.'
>
> "Shortly after he fell into the hands of Quiroga (a noted bandit), who ordered that he should be shot. But half an hour before the time named, Quiroga ordered him into his presence and asked,
>
> "'What would you have done with me if you had taken me a prisoner?'
>
> "'I should have ordered you hung on the first tree, because you are not worthy to be shot.'
>
> "'Colonel Barcala, I will give you liberty if you will take service with me.'
>
> "He replied, 'Colonel Barcala will not degrade himself by serving the leaders of barbarism.'

"And Quiroga, the ferocious Quiroga, subdued by the nobleness of this man, set him at liberty; and this was the first and last instance in which he ever gave life or liberty to an enemy.

"But the fate of Marshal Ney was reserved for Barcala. On a journey from Mendoza to Chili he was taken by the Friar General Aldao. He ordered him to be shot; and Barcala only begged permission to give the word of command to those who should shoot him. When he was taken from the prison he came out clothed in his gala uniform, and with his seventeen decorations; and with clear and strong voice he said to those about him, the following words, very notable and difficult to forget, 'I shall die with the only sorrow of seeing my fatherland oppressed by tyrants; but I die with the satisfaction that my name will remain in the Argentine history: and as Christianity treasures the memory of her martyrs, so liberty shall remember those of her sons who have been sacrificed for her.' After this he gave a "Hurrah for the Argentine Republic free from tyrants!" and with perfect confidence commanded the riflemen to fire.

"Colonel Barcala is one of the most beautiful characters in the Argentine history, the most heroic history of South America. His last words are realized. No domestic or foreign tyrant profanes the soil of the land he loved so well, and every free Argentine treasures the memory of Barcala."

ANOTHER MASK OFF.

That there are plenty of men who have been politically known as "Democrats," and who are unreservedly in favor of suppressing this rebellion at every cost, is known to every man. Jefferson Davis was not a better Democrat than Benjamin F. Butler; nor is Vallandigham's "Democracy" more unimpeachable than Daniel S. Dickinson's. General Burnside is not less a Democrat than Fernando Wood; and General Logan would hardly yield his claim as a Democrat to that of Judah Benjamin or John Slidell.

Judge Amasa J. Parker, of this State, has lately taken elaborate pains to give the exact measure of *his* "Democracy." As a late leader in that party, and one of its former favorite candidates for Governor, his words have some importance. Let every loyal Democrat therefore carefully consider both what he says and what he means. In his recent speech he uses the following language:

"*If it is true*, as it doubtless is, that the South are engaged in an unjust rebellion against the Constitution, it is also true that the men in power are equally rebelling against that Constitution; and we stand to defend that instrument, and to respectfully and forcibly protest against their violation of it."

Judge Parker puts the guilt of the rebellion conditionally, that of the Government unconditionally. He protests against the guilt (as he assumes) of the Government, and passes over that of the rebellion in significant silence. He declares that Ohio will be unworthy of the government given us by our fathers if she does not elect as her Governor a man who is straining every nerve to help those who are trying to destroy that government; and he continued for an hour and more to denounce the worse than Asiatic tyranny which, according to him, will not suffer itself to be denounced.

This gentleman, Judge Amasa J. Parker, takes his position with every other man in the land who, either with arms in his hand or venom upon his tongue, aims to embarrass, paralyze, and destroy the Government and the Union. His "Democracy" is that of Jeff Davis and Toombs, of Wood and Vallandigham—not that of Grant and Rosecrans, of Tod, Wright, and Odell. Which is the Democracy of the future no sane man has any doubt.

OFFICIAL DIGNITY.

We congratulate the city of Brooklyn upon its chief magistrate. Dignity and intelligence are usually associated with a position of such importance; and doubtless the good people of Brooklyn intend that their chief civil officer shall not fail to display these qualities. How fully their expectations are satisfied they will find upon consulting the report of a late public meeting at which his Honor the Mayor of Brooklyn presided.

During his opening speech some enthusiast for liberty, Union, and national honor called for three cheers for "Valligordom." He meant the man "martyrized" by the Lincoln despotism, but he was understood to mean the four million men martyrized by the rebels. Thereupon the audience, being composed of what are facetiously termed "Democrats," or friends of human rights, began to groan and hiss and demand the instant forcible expulsion of any citizen who proposed any expression of sympathy for the most unfortunate class of people in the world.

His Honor the Mayor of Brooklyn, interrupted by such an unseemly suggestion, rose to the height of the occasion. He said at once: "If the gentleman has any thing to say, let him say it in a *mannerly* way." And he instantly set the example of a mannerly way by adding: "If the gentleman had rather embrace a nigger baby than a white one, let him say so." The remark was greeted with "tremendous applause" by what Judge Parker called "this vast assemblage, worthy in intelligence and numbers of the great question it has come here to consider, attesting the dignity of the occasion."

Now, if this remark of the chief magistrate of Brooklyn is not dignified, decent, humane, and "mannerly"—what is? If it does not indicate a lofty mind, a noble and heroic perception of propriety and duty at a time so solemn and perilous as this—what does? If the people of Brooklyn can not confide in the upright intention, superior to party prejudice, and enlightened by the truest humanity of his Honor the Mayor—in whom can they confide? Has not every loyal man in the land reason to be proud of this chief magistrate of one of its largest cities?

"AMERICAN BASTILES."

Mr. Francis Key Howard, one of the Maryland aiders and abettors of the rebellion, and for that reason arrested and confined in an "American bastile," is not likely to enter upon any further complaints of his treatment so long as he knows that Mr. Sidney Cromwell has the free use of his faculties. For in a brief and trenchant pamphlet (A. D. F. Randolph, publisher) Mr. Cromwell replies to Mr. Howard's complaints in a simply unanswerable strain. The brisk, caustic humor of the pamphlet gives it a charming pungency. The writer says:

"For the question now put to the arbitrament of war, and which only war can settle, is whether the nation, for the formation and preservation of which your Maryland grandfather, Francis Key, thanked the Almighty in the patriotic song to which you refer with such pardonable pride, shall be preserved again and forever by passing triumphantly through this its last and its supreme trial, or whether it shall be shivered into feeble and jarring fragments. If you can doubt which of these alternatives the people of this country have chosen—if you can suppose for a moment that they will allow the personal liberty and temporary comfort of you or me, or a hundred or a thousand others, to stand in the way of the preservation of the nation, you are a fit tenant of that sort of Bastile in which despotic men in their vulgar senses arbitrarily imprison high-toned lunatics."

This little pamphlet, called "Political Opinions in 1776 and 1863," is well worth reading and pondering.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Feat of Strength.—A well known ticket-of-leave man, with a bludgeon in his hand, being pursued by the police, at a tremendous pace tore up the pavement of a street which had just been laid down by the workmen. In spite of his fearful weapon he was ultimately captured.

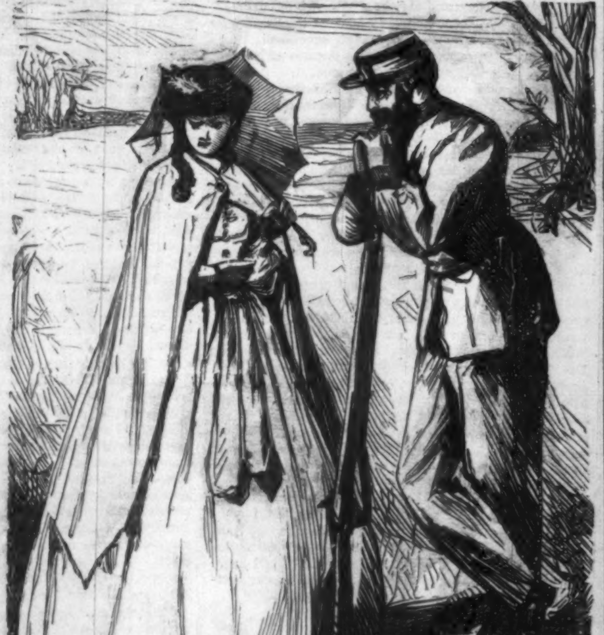
Mail Contract for the United States.—There is only one "Mail Contract" (says a young lady) that she would care about embracing, or embarking in, and that is a Promise of Marriage.

Advice to Parents.—Recollect the child's mind is nothing better than a sheet of letter paper; so mind, its address in after-life will depend entirely upon the way in which you direct it.

Too Horrible.—The usually quiet village of Exe, on the banks of the Wye, was disturbed by the following appalling occurrence: it seems that an old woman instigated by hunger, and knowing that the butcher's was not far off, aroused her daughter from a peaceful slumber, and dispatched her. The ferocious act has cast a gloom over the surrounding neighborhood.

A fellow having imbibed rather freely took it into his head that he could fly, and, to get a good position, ascended a sign-post and started. He was questioned next day as to how he liked flying. "Oh," said he, "it's nothing to fly, the lighting is the hardest part of the operation."

A very worthy and pious old dame had several books lent her which she could not read, so she got a little girl to read to her. The curate of the church lent her "Pilgrim's Progress," and a nephew a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Having read them alternately, the dame got the text a little mixed up; and when the curate called upon her, and asked how she liked "Pilgrim's Progress," he was somewhat surprised when she replied, "It's a marvelous book, truly; why, what big troubles him and his man Friday undergoed."



Clara.—"Don't you think it an anomaly, Tom, your preparing to fight for your hearth and home, while you have not a wife?"

THE GREAT LIAR.

Old Stiggins was a noted scamp,
He'd lie the handle off a lamp,
And silly mischief brew;
He never had but *two* black eyes,
He'd beat a druggist vending *leys*,
And a ship a *lying-to*.

He moulded lies with cunning pate,
He knew that man could castigate,
As his scars did truly show;
The cause no mortal should forget,
His pearly teeth were a false set,
And his voice a *falset-to*.

One day a drover did espy
Old Stiggins, whom he thought would buy
A mare trained to the course:
In vain persuasions—force was tried,
"It's not a mare!" the old rogue cried,
Till his lying made him *hoarse*.

"Look, what a tail!" the drover cried,
"'Twould please a ruler's kingly pride
When courtly fancies fail."
"What! that a tail?" the rogue replies,
"Don't think to blind these precious eyes,
For I *can tell a tale*."

The drover pounced upon him quick,
And beat him with a stout old stick,
Until his arms did tire;
Old Stiggins writhed, and yelled in fear;
The notes did charm the truthful ear,
When the drover touched the *liar*.

At last old Stiggins lost his breath,
'Twas stolen by the hand of Death,
But much against his will;
And as his friends did take their leave,
Sad feelings did each bosom heave,
When they found him *lying still*.

An Irishman being asked by his angry master what he did to the dog every day to make him cry out as if cruelly treated, replied, "Cruelly trait him, yer honor?—not I! I never could hurt a poor, dumb cratur in my loife; but yer honor bade me cut his tail, and so I cut only a little bit off every day, to make it more aisy for him."

"Are you going in any business?" asked Jim Brown, as he met Tim Smith strolling up Whitechapel, the other evening. "No," was the reply, "but I am going to open a shop very soon." "Open a shop?" "Yes, I am!" "What kind of a shop, pray?" "A jeweler's shop!" "You must be joking. You know you haven't a farthing." "You'll see if I don't." "When?" "*Why just as soon as I can get a crow-bar*," replied Tim, and coolly walked away toward a public, to see if he could not swindle some one out of a drink.

A widow lady, with her intended husband, presented themselves before a well-known clergyman to be united in the holy bands of wedlock. "You have buried Mr. Johnson, then?" said the divine. "Oh yes, poor, dear, dead-and-gone Mr. Johnson, I lost him, and it broke my heart!" "Yes, it has broken your heart," replied the clergyman, "and now you have come to me to have it *re-paired*."

A countryman came to London to sell his fruit, but for some cause fell asleep. The boys, knowing this to be the index of negligence, helped themselves to the contents of the wagon. "Oh, what a dreadful thing!" exclaimed an old lady, rolling her eyes like a ship in a storm. "Not so dreadful, ma'am," said a by-stander. "You see the farmer was taking a *nap*, and the boys were only taking *an apple*."

"What, miss, you here from boarding-school, and without asking my permission?" said an anxious father; "that's bad. What motive brought you now?" "The *loco-motive*, pa." "The locomotive? That's good." "Why, pa, you just said it was bad." "Did I? Well, there, I forgive you."

A lock that can not be picked by burglars.—Wedlock.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is a child with a cold in its head like a winter's night?
Because it blows it snows (it blows its nose).

Why is a tedious story-teller like the Thames Tunnel?
Because he is a great bore.

Why is a man who keeps the toll at a bridge like a Jew?
Because he keeps the pass-over.

Why are two girls giggling like the wings of a chicken?
Because they have got a merry thought between them.

Why is a parasite like a pair of spectacles?
Because he magnifies small things.

My first is no disgrace to tell;
Without the second you can not spell;
The third will help you to a wife,
To bless or curse you all your life.
Love-letter.

Always invisible, yet never out of sight?
Letter S (in visible).

What two animals had the least luggage in the ark?
The fox and the cock, for they only had a brush and comb between them.

How many young ladies will reach from London to Brighton, it being fifty miles?
Fifty, for a miss is as good as a mile.

Which is the fastest, heat or cold?
Heat, because you can catch a cold.

What must you add to nine to make six?
S, for ix with S is six.

Why are the teeth like verbs?
Because they are regular, irregular, and defective.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

As we intimated in our last number, the rebels are fulfilling their threat of invading the North. It appears that the army under Lee commenced to move in a northwesterly direction on 9th June, and that General Hooker, discerning his intention, moved on 11th or 12th on a parallel line. On the morning of 12th, a rebel corps, said to have been Jackson's old corps, now commanded by General Ewell, passed through Strasburg. The alarm was given, and General Milroy at Winchester prepared for defense. He was attacked on 13th, and his assailants being far too strong to be successfully resisted, he fell back, after a severe fight, to Harper's Ferry. On the same day, 13th, a Union force at Berryville, and another body at Middletown, were attacked, and fell back to the Potomac. On 14th, Sunday, Martinsburg was attacked, and a sharp affair occurred. We have no precise account of how it ended. It is stated, however, that our forces made good their retreat to the Potomac. On the evening of 14th and the morning of 15th, a large body of rebel troops, how many or of what description we know not, crossed the Potomac in the vicinity of Nolan's Ford, and moved on Hagerstown, which was evacuated by our troops on 15th. In falling back, our people are said to have taken with them their stores, supplies, and guns. At 9 P.M. on 15th, the rebel advance-guard is said to have entered Chambersburg, which place we are likewise reported to have evacuated. Other rebel columns are described as moving on Mercersburg, on the one hand, and Waynesboro on the other. On 16th the rebel advance, consisting mainly of cavalry, was at Chambersburg and Scotland. The forces assembled for the protection of the State were at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. Harrisburg was threatened, but it was believed that we could save it.

Of General Hooker's movements no precise account has yet transpired, though it is known that his entire army has moved in the direction of Manassas Gap. The President has called for 120,000 men, viz., 100,000 six months' men, namely, 50,000 from Pennsylvania, 30,000 from Ohio, 10,000 from Maryland, and 10,000 from West Virginia; and 20,000 New York State militia, to serve for a short period. Proclamations calling out troops have been issued by the Governors of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and troops are moving with alacrity toward the scene of conflict.

STRENGTH OF LEE'S ARMY.

It has been ascertained that the reinforcements reaching General Lee from the Carolinas and elsewhere have swelled his army to double the number he had in the battle of Chancellorsville. His force is divided into three corps, of 30,000 men each.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

We have advices from Vicksburg and vicinity to the 12th inst., at which time the situation was generally unchanged, though our lines were being daily contracted. The late rains had improved the condition of the army. Joe Johnson was still receiving reinforcements from the East, and was preparing for an attack. About 6000 of Kirby Smith's force were reported to have come up the Washita River, and to be making demonstrations on the Louisiana side of the river, in consequence of which our troops at Milliken's Bend had been reinforced. The army is perfectly confident that Vicksburg will be taken.

THE FIGHT AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.

At the fight at Milliken's Bend on 7th the rebels, under M'Cullough, 2500 strong, advanced upon our forces, composed of three negro regiments and the Twenty-third Iowa Volunteers. The rebels made a desperate charge at daylight. The negroes broke in confusion; but, finding that their captured companions were being slaughtered by the rebels, rallied with great desperation, and drove the rebels back, with heavy loss on both sides.

GENERAL KIMBALL'S EXPEDITION.

General Kimball's expedition up the Yazoo was a success. He went up as far as Sataria, with a force of 3000 men, thirty miles below Yazoo City, and arrived there on the 4th inst. He learned that a rebel force, under General Wirt Adams, 2000 strong, was not far off, and he immediately marched to meet him. At 10 A.M. on Thursday, the 4th inst., he came up with the pickets of the enemy, when a brisk fight ensued, lasting thirty minutes. The enemy gave way, and a total rout ensued. Our loss was one killed and seventeen wounded. Their loss in killed and wounded was considerable. We captured a hundred prisoners.

THE DEFENSES OF PORT HUDSON.

A most interesting description of Port Hudson and the state of things there has been given to the *Herald* by a Confederate prisoner. It appears that the defenses of the place consist not only of fortifications and heavy artillery around the town, but of outer works composed of intrenched abatis, stretching out for nearly ten miles in a semicircle, bristling with cannon of heavy calibre. The water defenses consist of ten batteries, numbering between thirty and forty guns, some of them being 11-inch and others 13-inch bore. One of these batteries is stationed on a bluff 80 feet high. The strength of the garrison is between four and five thousand, but their provisions and ammunition are said to be giving out. The post is commanded by General Franklin Gardner, a graduate of West Point, and formerly an officer in the United States army.

THE RECENT CAVALRY FIGHT.

The rebel reports of the great cavalry fight on the Rappahannock state that Fitzhugh Lee was severely wounded, and that a number of prominent rebel officers were killed. They acknowledge a loss of several hundred in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and that we gained so much ground as to capture General Stuart's head-quarters near Brandy, and also near Brandy Station.

General Stuart, of the rebel cavalry, has replied to a flag of truce sent by General Pleasanton that all our killed in the late cavalry raid at Beverly Ford have been decently interred, and that all our wounded prisoners are being humanely cared for. He refuses to permit the friends of the dead to cross his lines for the purpose of removing their remains.

MORE REBEL PRIVATEERS.

Two new privateer steamers have made their appearance, and it would appear from all the reports that they are scouring the Atlantic Ocean as far down as Cape Horn, and from that point round into the Pacific, to intercept our vessels from China and India. The reports of these bold proceedings on the part of the rebel navy appear to have waked up our Navy Department, for four United States vessels were sent from this port on 13th; three were ordered out from Hampton Roads at the same time; and others are under orders to follow immediately to hunt up the *Clarence* (or *Coquette*). Two sailing vessels, captured by the pirates, have been converted into privateers. The *Alabama* destroyed during the month of April, south of the equator, four United States vessels—the *Dorcas Prince*, *Sea Lark*, *Union Jack*, and *Nye*—with valuable cargoes.

WHAT OUR BLOCKADERS ARE DOING.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Fox, reports somewhat favorably of the action of our blockading squadron. He states that up to the 1st of June they captured 855 rebel vessels, which shows that the Department has not been asleep all the time.

COPPERHEADISM CROPPING OUT.

In Indiana recently some resistance has been shown to the enrolling officers doing their duty under the Conscription Act. A Deputy Provost-Marshal, a detective, and an enrolling officer were fired upon on Wednesday near Manniville, in Rush County, and the first two killed. Two companies of soldiers have been sent to the locality of the murder. A soldier was also shot at Shelbyville, Indiana, on Wednesday, by a deserter whom he was attempting to arrest.

VALLANDIGHAM.

It is understood that Mr. Vallandigham has proceeded to some Southern port, from which he intends to take his departure for Nassau.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

The French elections, conducted under a universal suffrage franchise, were concluded on the 1st of June. The Government candidates were defeated in every district of Paris save one. They carried the rural districts, with very few exceptions. Of two hundred and sixty-eight elections the Emperor's friends gained two hundred and fifty-two. It was thought the Opposition in the new Legislature would number twenty-six members of the highest talent and name. This result was regarded as very unfortunate for Napoleon. There did not occur a single riot or breach of the peace in the whole extent of France during the two election days.

POLAND.

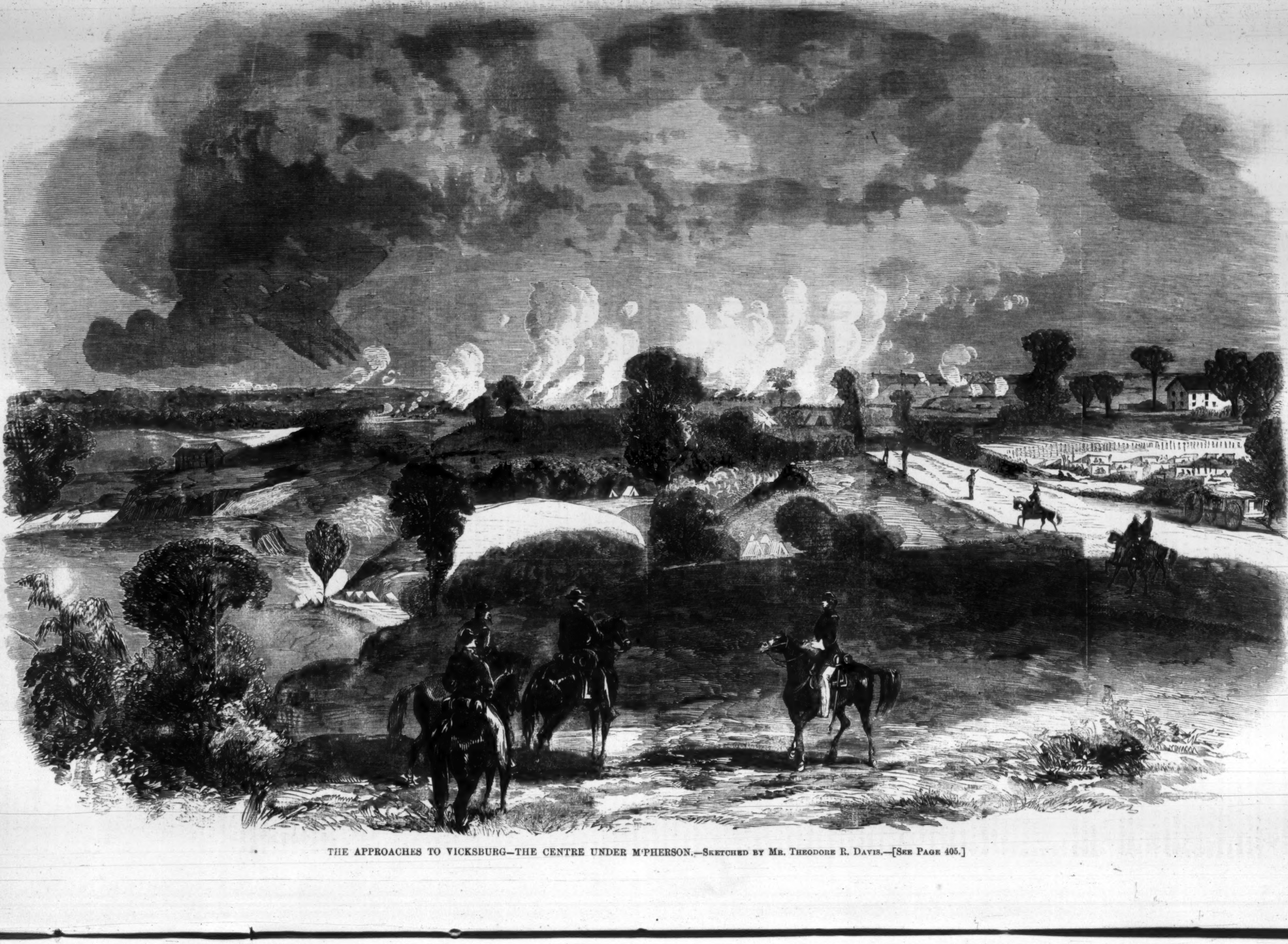
THE INSURRECTION.

The Poles have again defeated the Russians in battle. France, England, and Austria forwarded a joint note to the Czar, asking a representative government and an amnesty for Poland. The French Emperor having invited the United States Cabinet to join the Allied Powers in their representations to Russia, Secretary Seward declined, on the ground that our traditional policy of non-interference in European affairs must be adhered to. Mr. Seward's note has been published in St. Petersburg.

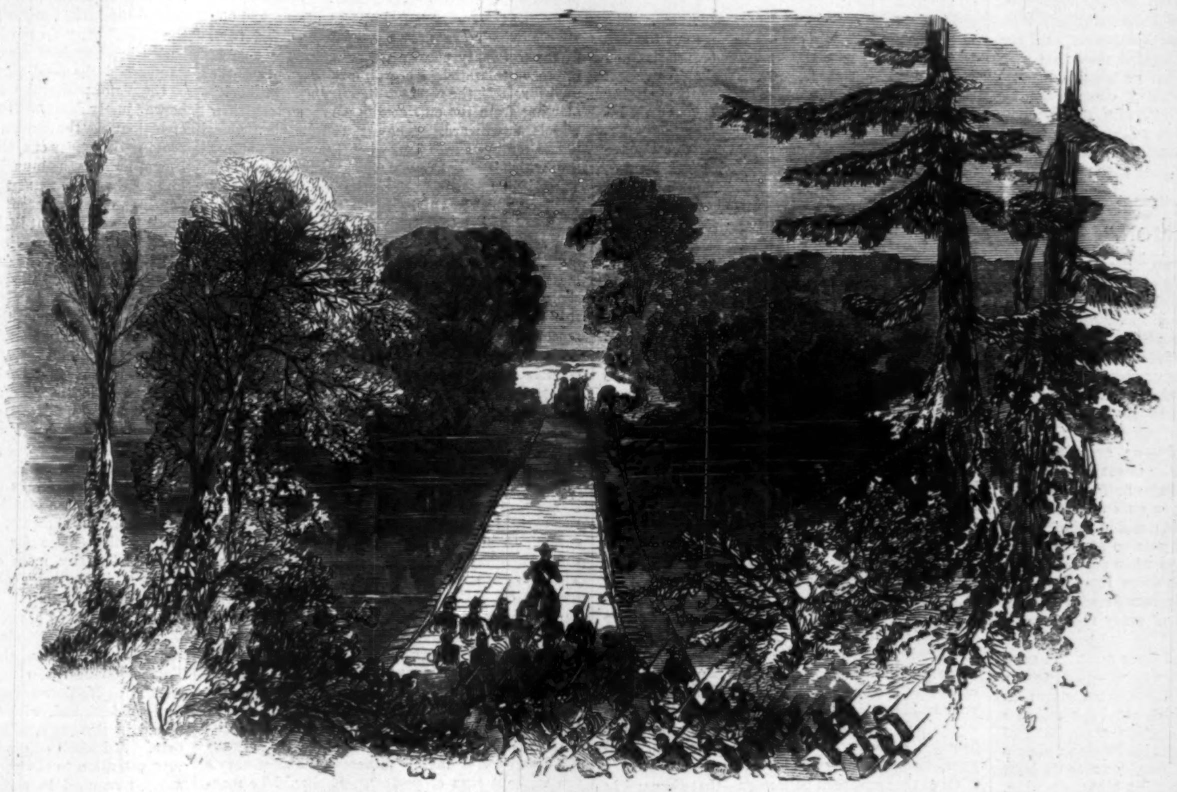
JAPAN.

WAR WITH ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The English Admiral has demanded of the Japanese Government a large indemnity and the surrender of the murderers of Mr. Richardson, failing which France and England would declare war against Japan. There were at latest dates thirteen British war ships and the French Admiral's flag-ship at Kanagawa. The Japanese had nearly all left there, and all the merchant-vessels had been detained to take on board foreign residents in case war ensued.



THE APPROACHES TO VICKSBURG—THE CENTRE UNDER M'PHERSON.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 405.]



COTTON BRIDGE OVER THE BLACK RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

WE continue in this number our series of illustrations of General Grant's operations before Vicksburg, from sketches by Mr. Theodore R. Davis. The pictures will be found on pages 401, 404, and this page. Mr. Davis writes:

"THE APPROACHES AT VICKSBURG.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON,
May 28, 1863.

"The sketch is of an incident coming under my observation while, a few days since, I was making my way, with due regard for personal safety, through the trenches and rifle-pits to a point from which a near view of the rebel works could be obtained.

"An officer of General M'Pherson's staff, a fine shot, had taken his rifle, and was, with the sharp-shooters, rendering it an impossibility to use a gun that had been used to annoy our men at work in the trenches. A sharp-shooter from the rebel works was crawling, as he thought, unseen, to a point nearer our line. A hat placed invitingly was, in a few moments, shot through by the ball from his rifle.

"The moment was the rebel's last: he had exposed his head in shooting. And the sharp-shooting officer now wears an airy hat. I am told by a deserter that seventeen men have been shot from a spot called by them '*The Dead Hole.*' Lieutenant-Colonel Strong, the sharp-shooter, is the officer whose gallant escape from the rebels, some time since, near Washington, was the subject of an illustration in this journal."

"THE CENTRE, UNDER COMMAND OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON.

"HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
May 28, 1863.

"The view at this point conveys perhaps a more comprehensive idea of the difficulties presented by the exceedingly broken formation of the country than that at either the right or left. Sketches of each position will follow this. Some of our troops have gained by approach a point distant from the main work of the enemy but fifty yards.

"The battery of the late gallant Captain De Solyer was intrenched by him within one hundred yards of the enemy's fortification. Many and heavy guns are within three hundred yards of the same work.

"From our batteries and sharp-shooters an effective fire is kept up to cover the construction of works that will, without doubt, effect the ultimate fall of the strong-hold.

"A most gallant but unsuccessful attempt was made upon the 21st inst. to carry these works by assault. Since that time the sharp-shooters upon either side have been busy enough. The ping of a shot is sure to follow the exposure of any portion of one's person. My pony and sketch-book bear indubitable evidence that sketching in plain view of sharp-eyed rebels must be rapid enough.

"One can hardly realize the fact that our gallant men are, with the flag that the breeze ruffles, within a stone's-throw of a work of immense strength. To dislodge our men the rebels send, ever and anon, a shell, thrown by hand. Some of these grenades are seized by our men as they come rolling and fizzing into the trench, and hurled back to explode within the works of the senders.

"Confidence of the fall of Vicksburg is the one feeling of our army."

"THE COTTON BRIDGE OVER THE BLACK RIVER.

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON,
SIEGE OF VICKSBURG, *May* 20, 1863.

"We had fought the battle of Champion's Hill and captured the extensive line of works at the railroad bridge over the Black River; but the bridge was destroyed, and a deep and narrow stream was between us and Vicksburg. Our engineers were soon, with their working parties, tearing down the 'gin-houses' upon the adjacent plantations. With the timbers so procured raft-bridges were soon in process of construction.

"One of the bridges built by General M'Pherson's corps was so entirely novel that I send, with my sketch, a detailed account of it. Two heavy beams thirty-five feet in length were joined together by smaller beams ten feet in length, spiked two feet apart. This frame now turned over, cotton bales were rolled into it in two rows, and secured by stanchions at the side of each bale, and a beam crossing the top. These rafts so fitted were now launched into the river, and, floated into place, were secured by guy-ropes from the shore; stringers then placed, 'breaking joints,' the entire length of the bridge, which was then 'decked over' with plank from the demolished 'gin-houses.' Over this bridge the troops, artillery, and baggage trains were safely passed.

"The ingenious constructor of this bridge, Major Hickenlooper, Chief Engineer of General M'Pherson's corps, has, during this brief but brilliant campaign, earned for himself a most enviable reputation.

"This bridge is certainly the most easily constructed, as it is the most secure, of any impromptu bridge known. The buoyancy of a 500-pound bale of cotton is quite 400 pounds, and serviceable for eight days."

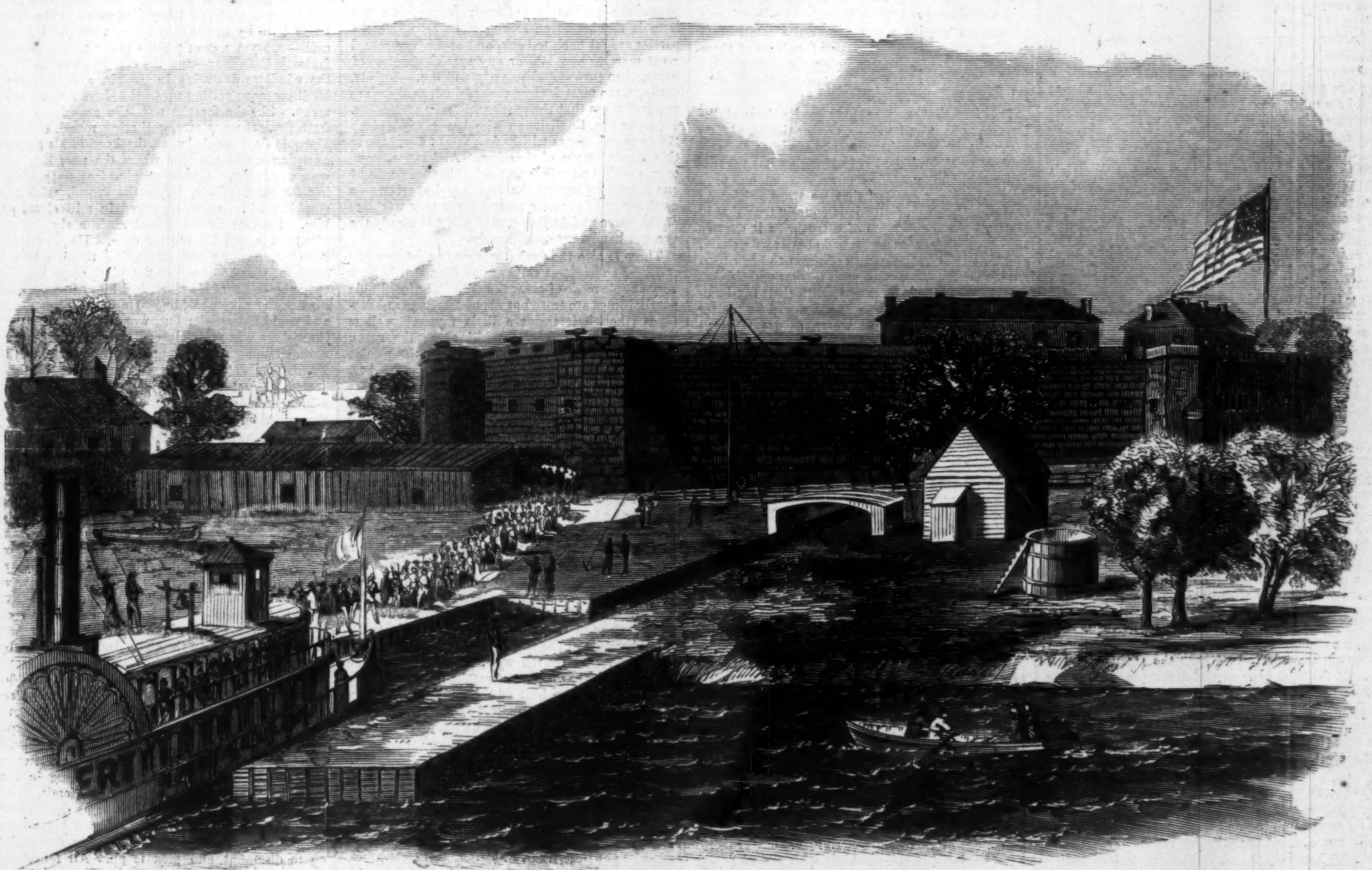
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE illustrate on pages 408 and 409 a preliminary incident of the third passage of the Rappahannock by our troops—namely, SHELLING THE REBELS OUT OF THEIR RIFLE-PITS. Mr. Waud, the author of the sketches from which our pictures were taken, writes:

"The rifle-pits erected by the enemy entirely commanded the crossing; therefore it was necessary to either drive them out, or make it so dangerous to rise above the parapet that but few would attempt it. The artillery massed on the river-bank did this effectually. Lieutenant Wollaston's battery of Napoleons (Battery D, Second Regulars) did magnificent practice; hardly a shot missed the earth-work; its defenders, the Second Florida, were kept enveloped in smoke and dust; and yet so great a protection is a little bank of earth, that not a man was killed, though some were severely wounded. With a loss of some forty killed and wounded engineers—including Captain Cross, a very fine officer, and a graduate of West Point—the boats were carried down to the water and launched; the Twenty-sixth New Jersey were ferried over, and carried the work at the point of the bayonet, capturing some eighty prisoners.

"Some of these endeavored to get away by running down the river, but a well-directed fire from Lieutenant Wollaston's battery brought them to a stand-still, and they threw down their arms.

"The First Massachusetts battery was there, and also did good execution. We now hold the southern bank of the river—Ayre's, Macartney's, and Wollaston's batteries in front, supported by the Vermont brigade, one of the very finest bodies of soldiers in the United States. I heard a pretty little anecdote of these men in connection with Wollaston's artillery: While that officer was lying on the ground upon a paulin, among his guns, a



THE ARRIVAL OF TWO THOUSAND VICKSBURG PRISONERS AT FORT DELAWARE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. D. AULD, FORTY-THIRD OHIO.]

tall soldier came and placed himself alongside, and asked his name. The Lieutenant told him. 'They du say you air from Vermount,' said the Green Mountain boy. He was informed that such was the case; and upon further inquiry learned that the battery was formerly commanded by Captain (now Colonel) Platt, also of Vermont. 'Then,' said the man, rising, and stepping off like a rooster, 'a whole corps can not take this battery while the Old Vermont brigade supports it!'"

"SENSATION."

NATIONALLY speaking we write very much as we eat, with cruel disregard of our digestion, be it mental or physical. Judge a nation by its ballads, said some one (it would be an inconsistency in me to remember who); but we neither make nor sing ballads. Those are for people who take siestas and dance in orange-groves or about May-poles—people who keep sheep, and have traditions, and are just as much a product of the country as the heather or the twilights.

We scribble—every body—on every subject. There is matter, plenty of it. Great events jostle us, trip us up; great discoveries half blind us with the truths they are letting in on our accustomed tread-mill rounds of thought; and in this feverish age, when the whole world goes on at a mad gallop that makes the calm days when patriarchs saw angels coming in at their doors incredible, the mighty Union artery fairly bounds with the hot flow of the mingled blood of every nation under heaven.

All this whirl and fire and fever must find vent, and has it, in our sensation writing—partly as an appropriate expression, partly from necessity; for this strange thing, for which we have coined a name for want of other expression of our habit of thought and action, is a veritable Briareus, clutching at all our being and doing, down to its least detail—our writing, talking, building, dressing, governing, our very religion; even so grim a thing as our war-making—all scent of it rankly, and its presence in any one of these conditions necessitates it in all.

So it occurs that in the intellectual arena the scramble is as keen as in the stock-market; two-thirds desire money, the other third are after fame, and all clamor together, something like the two duchesses who compromised on the sugar-tongs—that is, each in turn held the other's tongue with them while talking herself (that the tongue thus held wriggled mightily is not apropos, but I append it for the benefit of femininity).

There is reason for all this clamor, for the Sensational creed reads something on this wise: The longest advertising column and the hugest placards win the stakes; so, if you are going to be on honor about your probabilities, and accurate with your facts, you will be distanced and thrown out at once; if you mean to stop for scruples of conscience or grammar, you are too nice for your profession; but if you have really any thing to say, say it to the next generation, for to-day can't wait for you; a great truth, a noble thought, is only the product of a lifetime. Glorious harvest, worth the waiting for, if you can afford it! says the Age with a sneer.

If Right were the thing we battled for we could afford it; but "Sensation" is not only our living but our object also; and for those who won't bow down to the great golden idol there is very apt to be a fiery furnace of poverty and persecution in waiting. In the days of Nebuchadnezzar three men were found faithful, and in that respect I think we are something better than the Babylonians; but I am talking to my fellow-cringers—those who, with me, bow down in the dust and sneer as we lie there. I mean to berate our idol. I can do so safely, it being the fashion; for it is hard to tell whether the magazine views the sensational serials of the weeklies with more contempt than the full-fledged book the frothy articles of the magazine, or the slashing review the last new blue-and-gold edition. So all the way through I shall be in line with some one, and meantime I can put in a quiet plea for us all; for there is the necessity—the money- and fame considerations hinted at—and there is the unsatisfactory nature of a check on the next generation, viewed in the light of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, as palliatives and for inducement. Sensation articles are simply writing made easy. They require little time, and comparatively no brain wear; only tact, and a general knowledge of the technicalities of the different schools—for sensational writing has its schools, like Mrs. Browning's "common flannel, worn with proper sense of difference as to quality;" dissimilar in style, but identical in object, and all equally easy of achievement. Take the following recipes in witness.

The Valenciennes:

Must hint, not tell its story; shadow emotions, rather than paint them; deal with life in a rose-colored, absent, distant way—at the finger-tips, as it were. It opens generally with a pair of Indian vases or a scrap of stormy twilight, and ends with a marriage. You come out of it very much as a mouse might out of a rag-bag, a nice rag-bag. You have nothing very positive. Change the characters all around, and go over the story again, it would make no very special difference. You have reminiscences of a knot of gay ribbon, dainty slippers, white fingers, perfumes, generally a rocking-chair, a long dressing-glass, silver-topped bottles, a ring (it must be a signet, and be particular about the crest and armorial bearings, for that tells), glances, rising color, and a keen look (masculine, that last).

Analyze it, and you will find a bunch of violets or a coral comb to be at the root of the matter; all the rest are but accretions. Indeed for a Valenciennes article best look in at Fountain's or Ball & Black's for half an hour previous to composition. Commence with the trinket that pleased you, and stir in circumstances and pretty girls to taste. There is no better recipe.

The Poker and Tongs:

Deals in paragraphs and curt sentences. The men bully the women, swear, and are not too delicate; the women violate all the proprieties and some of the commandments, and make faces. All the characters snarl, and you imagine them closing their sentences with a snap like a cross cur. Indeed the principal incentive for reading is the natural desire to hear the excuse that these repulsive people will offer for falling in love with each other, as they do persistently.

The Legal Style:

Natural product of utter weariness of the four people who talk assassination over their coffee; the gipsy who steals that inevitable child; the fair-haired heroine who lounges on river banks in white crêpe morning-dresses; and the black-haired young lady who serves a battery, takes the helm of a man-of-war, snuffs out a candle with a pistol-ball, crochets, and sets every thing straight in the story with equal nonchalance and success. We must have our crimes, but with the spice of mystery to give it zest. The author makes of us all amateur policemen: we have the excitement of the chase; we hunt our villains through the higher walks of life (I take these walks on faith: I have never seen them, or found them on either map or directory). We unearth him in courts of law, and hear counsel on both sides; we deal largely in secret drawers and old-fashioned desks, and are very particular about the northeast window that looked directly on the lawn, facing the wing in which was located Sir James's study. And what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of the stalwart sailor, across whose bronzed yet handsome features flitted a passing gleam of anxiety as he thundered, "Haul down your forecastle! belay the clew-lines! furl the anchor! reef your rudder! lash the gunwale fast to the main-top-gallant sail! and crowd on the bowsprit, my hearties, as ever you wish to see your homes and your sweet-hearts again!"

Or of that excellent policeman—that diamond in the rough—who knew that something was up, the Superintendent looked so down in the mouth; and at last, says he,

"'Craven,' says he, 'are you the man for five hundred dollars?'

"And says I,

"'I reckon I am, if I know where they are to be got, and that they can be come by honorably.'

"And says he, 'You calculate to finish a job when you undertake it.'

"And says I,

"'I generally go in lemons and come out on the square.'"

And then he makes a clean breast of it. On —th Avenue, between —th and —th streets, there was a little shop that I had took particular notice to, it being in my beat, etc., etc., till his game is bagged.

Or of our Military Friend, who commences:

"It was after our little brush at— (any place will do; Fredericksburg and the Seven Pines are as popular as any). We had fought like demons, but the enemy outnumbered us as usual. We had been compelled to retire in the best possible order to a farm-house, which we surrounded with our whole force, and, finding empty, entered with due caution. We were without tents, the rain, or rather drizzle," etc., etc., *ad infinitum, ad nauseam.*

We analyze our swill milk and alum bread, and protest. I present specimens of the intellectual chaff offered a hungering nation (analysis of them is impossible, annihilation being the only process of which they are susceptible), and ask should such things be?

It is true that every century has its sham, stalking triumphant on its stage, and for the time being elbowing whatever there may be of virtue or heroism out of sight. And it is true that our sham is so builded and founded on our education, our prejudices, and our desires, that we want a Samson for its destruction. But it is equally true that in all ages the lucky heirs of a truth, be it ever so infinitesimal, have risen up to do battle with sham, and that it is in the nature of sham to be beaten. And it is true that, were each worker and thinker only half as much in earnest with their toy-hammers as I with mine, the result would be matter for chronicles. And, at worst, as great things sometimes spring from mean beginnings, there can be much satisfaction and no special harm in firing off my pop-gun among the first.

FRENCH DEAD (AND GONE) SHOTS.

THERE are three instruments which the code of dueling recognizes: the small-sword, the sabre, and the pistol. In France, the first is looked upon as the national and accepted shape; the others are more or less barbaric and exceptional. Most Frenchmen are fencers, and learn that useful science as an accomplishment. A French father does not, indeed, from his dying bed press upon his child the duty of being "always ready with the pistol," which was the affectionate testamentary farewell of an Irish gentleman of some repute in these encounters, but he will take care to leave his son well grounded in the management of the rapier. Up to a recent period a Frenchman, when challenged, invariably selected pistols.

The constitutions, however, distinctly recognize the pistol, and the peculiar variations which that special shape of wager of battle is allowed to take. First, the rude Anglo-Irish and semi-barbaric system may be adopted in all its rugged simplicity: a measured distance, the two combatants facing each other, and a signal. So might Rousseau's Indians, out of their State of Nature, and furnished by a pardonable anachronism with the explosive weapons of civilization, decide their quarrel about the charms of a squaw. The simplicity was hideous. See how it can be refined into an elegant and more exciting pastime. First, for a duel *à volonté*, according to the technical name. Two lines, distant from thirty-five to forty paces, are marked off; within which are drawn two other lines, from fifteen to twenty paces apart, which is the nearest approach tolerated. According to the canon of the duel *à volonté*, the combatants advance cautiously, starting from the outside line, and holding their pistols downward. They can halt when they please, and can take aim when they halt, but not fire, which is only allowed when the line is reached. Thus, if one desires to have the first shot, he may walk on quickly till he reach the line, and then fire; but he has the disadvantages of a hasty aim and a long range. The moment he has fired he must remain steadily in his place, a prey to the most uncomfortable feelings, until his adversary shall have adjusted his aim, and covered him. On this account, in Ireland, there has always been a reasonable prejudice in favor of receiving the adversary's fire; the apparent risk being more than counterbalanced by the enormous advantage of a quiet aim, without the disturbing influence of a hostile barrel, which must naturally confuse and agitate.

The duel *à marche interrompue* appears at first sight to differ little from the one last described; but there are grave and important points of distinction. Out of these various shapes of encounter the skillful amateur will find his advantage according to his experience, and the peculiar manner he will have acquired during that experience. There are the same lines, and the same distances marked off. But the parties advance in a zigzag direction—halting and advancing like Indian skirmishers—with power to fire the moment either halts. This is the grand distinction—not one of form, it will be observed, but of principle, and much to be recommended to novices, who might naturally be agitated by their début. They will thus secure an early shot with a freedom from disturbing influences. There is, of course, always the drawback of having to accept the adversary's fire without sign or protest. It should be mentioned, that as soon as one has fired, the other is not allowed to advance further, but must discharge his pistol from the point at which he is standing.

Next follows the duel *au signal*, which is an approach to the old Hiberno-Britannic fashion, and was doubtless meant to conciliate national prejudice. The signal was to be given by three claps of the hand, with an interval of three seconds between each. At the first, the parties were to move slowly toward each other; at the second, to level, still walking; at the third, to halt and fire. The French code states that if one fires before or after the signal, by so much as half a second, he shall be considered a dishonorable man; and if by the disgraceful manœuvre he shall have killed his adversary, he shall be looked on as an assassin. To minds less nice there would appear but little distinction between the cases. But if the adversary who has been fired at thus dishonorably have been lucky enough to escape, he is allowed a terrible retribution—to take a slow, deliberate aim, and a shot à loisir. Where one disgracefully reserves his fire after the signal, the disagreeable duty is allotted to the seconds of rushing in at all risk and peril—even in front of the weapon, if no other course will answer—and disarming him.

Then follows the *Barrière*, which is, strictly speaking, a generic term, and applicable to any shape of combat where a line of separation between the parties is enforced. Sometimes the term is applied to an arrangement by which the parties are set back to back, and at a given signal must march away ten, or any special number of paces, then turn round smartly and fire. This is, perhaps, the most *humane* sort of duel, as there are many chances that the parties will miss each other. Whereas the Englishman who has graduated on the bogs and moors will have a fatal advantage in this flurried style of shooting. Allowance, however, should be made for a profitable experience of our neighbors among the robins and sparrows—a good range of practice among those tiny warblers of the grove and bushes contributing to steady the eye and hand very considerably.

There is also the duel *à marche non interrompue et à ligne parallèle*—a rather cumbersome title for a very simple mode of arrangement. The inevitable parallel lines are traced at about fifteen pages' distance (though it seems a little mysterious how those marks can be "traced" along the green sward of the Bois de Boulogne), and the parties are started from points exactly opposite each other. They can walk either fast or slow, and can fire when they please, but are not allowed to stop or to reserve their fire a second after reaching the end of the march. This system, however, is not open to the objection of being too favorable to the person who receives the first fire and reserves his own, for he is compelled to be en route while taking his aim, and is limited by time and the short distance he has to walk.

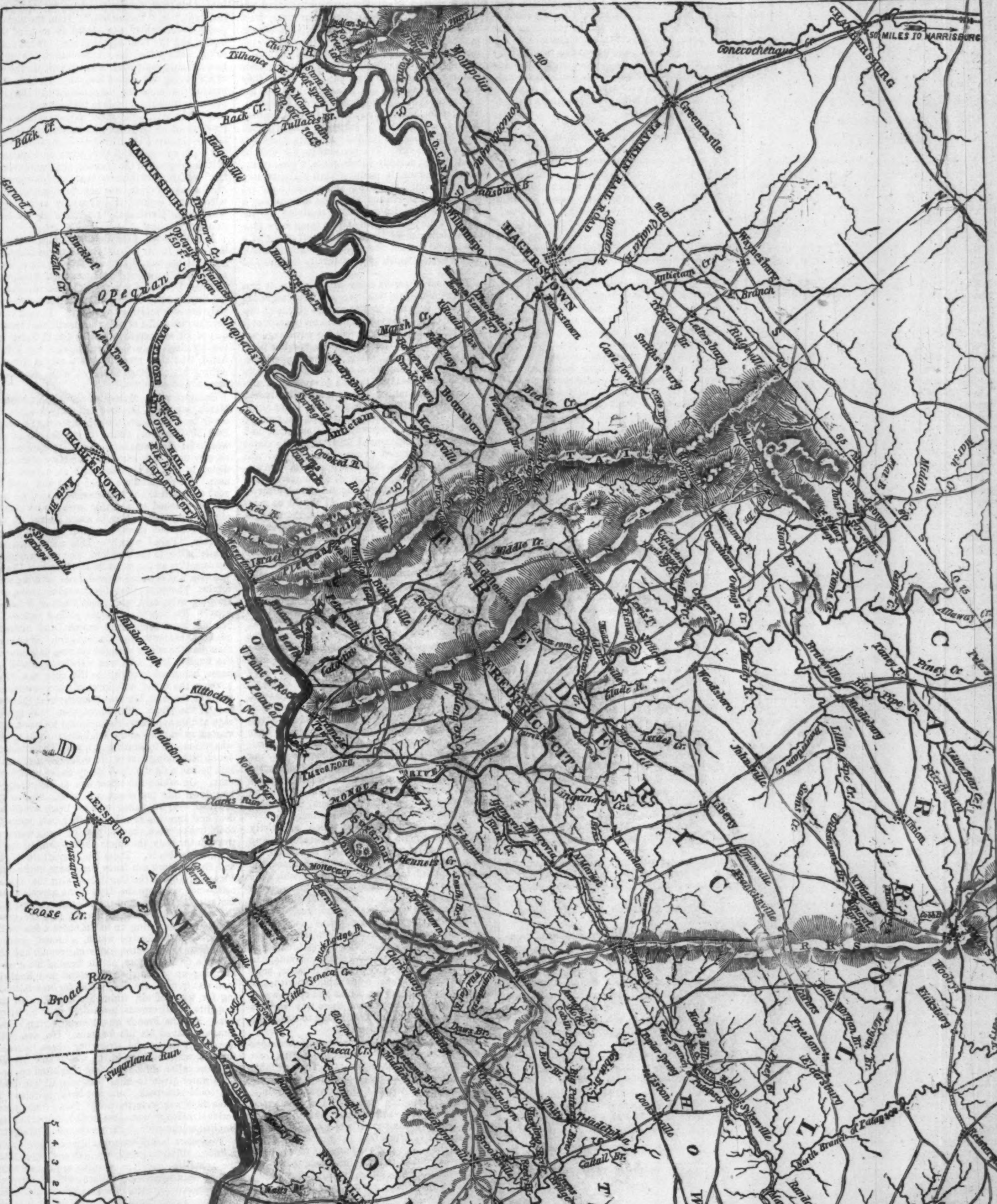
Next in the gory annals of French dueling comes the fashion of turning the two adversaries into a dark room, armed each with a pair of pistols; then, that Mexican practice of an encounter on horseback, armed with weapons of every kind. The first is worthy of gladiatorial days and the most savage of the emperors, and there is something horrible in the notion of the two caged men creeping round by the wall, with finger on the trigger, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of giving their enemy a hint of their position. There was room, too, for all manner of artful devices to make the enemy deliver his fire first, the light from which would illuminate his figure, and render him a favorable object. But these shapes of action the French code looks on as exceptional and highly irregular, refusing to take any notice of them, or apply its ordinances to their case. It throws out only one contemptuous hint in reference to them—namely, that all stipulations and arrangements must be put in writing.

The terrible duel *à l'outrance*, where so desperate was the character of the offense it was agreed that one of the parties should die on the ground, was contrived by loading one pistol only. The other was primed merely, and the second holding them behind his back, the parties chose, by saying "To the right," or, "To the left." Then the end of a pocket-handkerchief was placed in each of their hands, and the fatal signal given. If the holder of the pistol pulled the trigger before the signal, he was justly dealt with as an assassin, in the case of his having the loaded weapon. In case of its proving the empty one, the opponent had the privilege of putting the muzzle to his head and shooting him on the spot. But these extravagances—outpourings of an indecent and ungentlemanly animosity—received but little toleration, and the genteel code, as was mentioned, takes no cognizance of its incidents. Of the dramatic elements involved in a "situation" of this sort, that skillful dramatist, M. Dumas the elder, was not slow to avail himself; he has worked this strata up according to true "Saint Martinsgate" traditions, in his melodrama of Pauline.

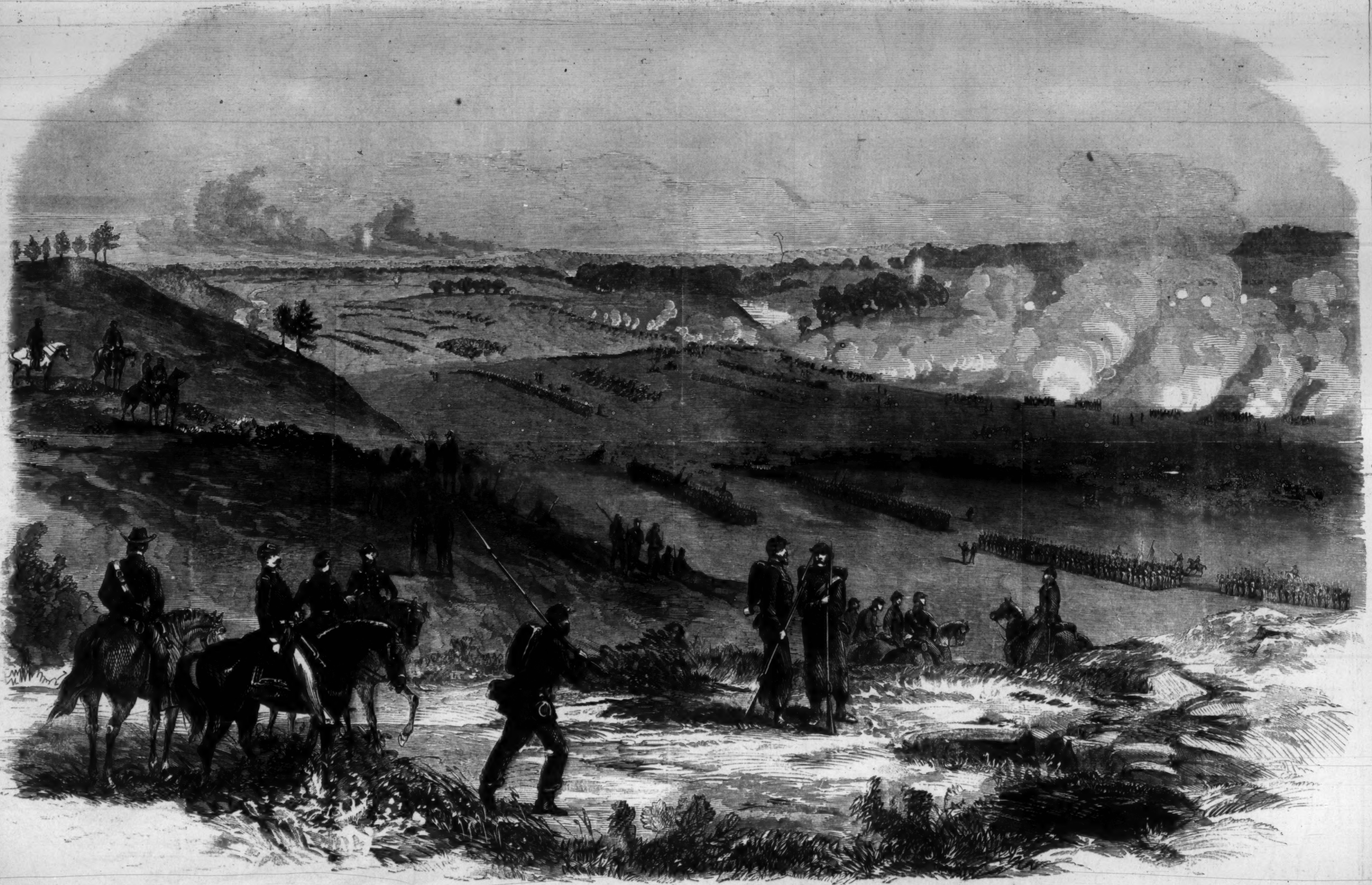
The chronicles of the Bois de Boulogne (taking that arena in its widest sense as symbolical of such battle-grounds all over France) show many encounters between Frenchmen and foreigners. But the Bois de Boulogne has been invaded by the beautifiers of the Empire, and its pleasant privacy for such meetings disturbed. It used to enjoy the distinction of being the traditional locus in quo of all tournaments, just as Chalk Farm was the trysting-place for London, and the Fifteen Acres, "be they more or less"—as the attorney writing his challenge observed with professional accuracy—for Dublin.

Going down to Marseilles about the month of March, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, we discover Lord Kilmaurs, the eldest son of the Scotch Earl of Glencarne, sitting in the theatre of that wonderful Mediterranean city. He happened to be very deaf, and, with the perversity of those afflicted in that way, talked with an earnest loudness. A French officer in the next box, with devout attention to the performance, which we have not yet reached to, and that intemperate manner of reproving interruption, in which we are yet happily far behind them, stood up and called out roughly, "Paix! paix!" This admonition was unintelligible to the deaf lord, who maintained his conversation at the same level of pitch. The injunction was repeated several times with the same result. Thereupon the polite Frenchman rose, and, stooping over, said, with great violence, "Taisez-vous!" To him the viscount, at last restored to hearing, gave some short answer, and talked a good deal louder to show his disregard. It chanced then that the officer changed his box, and later on the English lord, who was wandering round the house, happened to come into this very box, of all boxes in the world, and, in utter unconsciousness, stood at the door, his eyes roaming over the features of the officer. The latter, then boiling with rage at this apparent determination to insult him, started up and flew at the Englishman, asking him what he meant by staring at him. The other, no doubt bethinking him of the well-known proverb, said he had a right to look at any one even of royal rank. On which the officer flew at him, dragged him down into the street, and struck him on the shoulder with his naked sword. Upon which the deaf lord drew his sword gallantly; but, before he could make more than a pass or two, was run through the body, the officer's sword coming out at his shoulder-blade. Those familiar with this gay and Eastern port can fancy that scene in the open Place hard by to the Canebière, with the lighted cafés—not yet were the days of the gorgeous and fantastic Cafe Turc—and the colored awnings from the windows fluttering in the air, and the great Mediterranean rolling up to the shore a few yards away. Shrieks for the watch, a crowd, pouring fresh from the parterre, gathering round, and the Marquis de Pecquigny, at the head of his guard, hurrying up to the spot where the poor Englishman was lying. He was gasping for breath, choking for want of air, while the crowd, with the stupidity of all crowds, pressed in still closer on him. But the French guard made a ring round him, and saved his life for once. He was still, however, gasping and struggling there, when a surgeon, who had been at the play, came up, slit open the collar of his shirt, had him lifted up, and some water given to him. He was all but dead, and could not speak; but, wonderful to relate, in three days was perfectly well. Some little international difficulty was apprehended at first, but the English embassador at Paris soon set all straight.

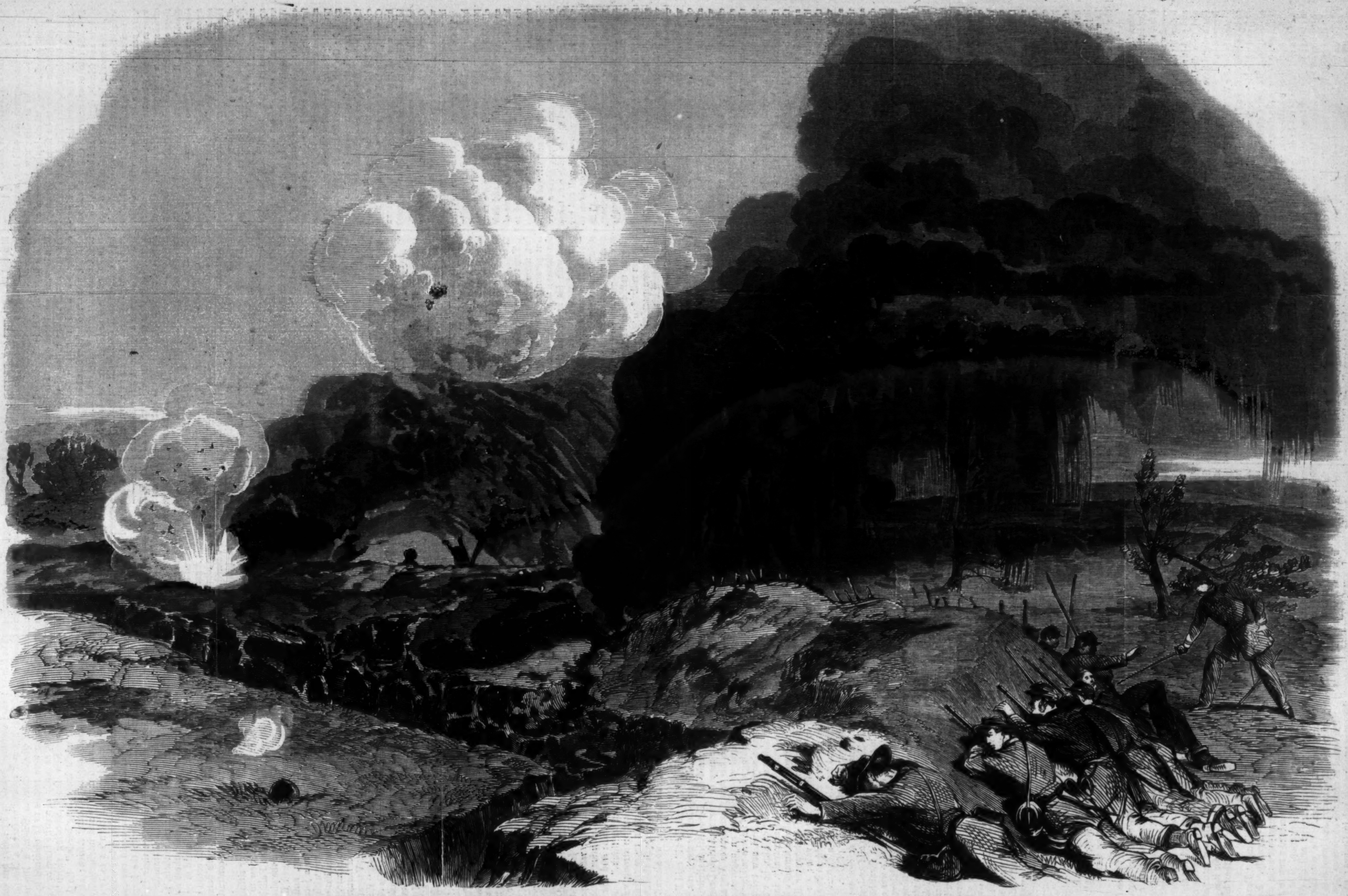
Two years before the great French Revolution, a French officer unguardedly delivered himself of the aphorism that "the English army had more phlegm than spirit"—a sentiment which really had a substratum of truth, but was awkwardly worded. He should have said that phlegm was one shape of the spirit of the British army. The name of this incautious Frenchman was artfully veiled under that of the Chevalier B——, and that of the English officer, who promptly challenged him, was thinly disguised under that of Captain S——, of the Eleventh Regiment. The offense would appear to have been so deadly that the parties were placed at the alarmingly short distance of only five paces! Captain S—— fired first, and his ball "took place," to use the words of the authorized report of the transaction, on the chevalier's breast, but, by a marvel of good luck, was stopped by a metal button. The chevalier, touched by so happy a deliverance, magnanimously fires in the air, and acknowledges that the English *have* both spirit and phlegm. In illustration of this fortunate escape, it may be mentioned that, some forty years ago, a person connected with the family of the writer of these notes, was riding out one morning in Ireland, accompanied by sympathizing friends, to arrange a little "difficulty" of the same description. When at the gate his eye fell upon a horse-shoe. With obstreperous cries of rejoicing he was called on to dismount and pick it up. All felicitated him on so lucky an omen. He put it into his pocket, and his adversary's ball actually struck it over the region of the heart and glanced off at an angle.


CHAMBERSBURG
50 MILES TO HARRISBURG
Conecocheague Cr.
Greencastle
Mercersburg
HAGERSTOWN
Williamsport
Clear Spring
C. & O. CANAL
MARTINSBURG
Opequan Cr.
Back Cr.
Sharpsburg
Boonsboro
Antietam Cr.
Funkstown
Smithsburg
Waynesboro
CHARLESTOWN
Harpers Ferry
Shepherdstown
Middletown
FREDERICK CITY
Monocacy
Hillsborough
Waterford
LEESBURG
Goose Cr.
Broad Run
Sugarland Run
Seneca Cr.
Clarksburg
Poolesville
ROCKVILLE
Difficult Cr.
ALEXANDRIA
Bladensburg
WASHINGTON RAIL ROAD
ANNAPOLIS
Big Patuxent R.
Ellicotts Mills
Westminster
Taneytown
Emmitsburg
Liberty
Woodsboro
Piney Cr.
Patapsco River
BALTIMORE
MONTGOMERY
FREDERICK
HOWARD
CARROLL
SCALE
10 MILES

MAP OF MARYLAND, AND PARTS OF PENNSYLVANIA AND VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE PRESENT THEATRE OF THE WAR.



SHELLING THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK PREVIOUS TO SEDGWICK'S CROSSING.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 405.]



EFFECTS OF SHELLS UPON THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS, AS SEEN AFTER THE CROSSING.—Sketched by Mr A. R. Waud.—[See Page 405.]

BOYS RUN WILD.

The nearest approach to a wild boy, says Mr. Burnet Tylor—in the amusing new journal, the *Anthropological Review*, which is the source of all this information—was to be found in Germany, after the desolating spirit of Napoleon had breathed over the land. The countries ravaged by his armies fell into utter misery. Children without parents and friends, destitute and homeless, were quite common in Germany. Several of them were brought to the shelter of Count von der Reche's asylum at Overdyke, and two of these had fallen more nearly into the condition of wild animals, were more nearly beast children, than any others of whom there is unquestionable record. One of these children was brought in ragged and bleeding. Unable to tell his name, he was called Clemens, since he was received upon St. Clement's day. With a power of speech almost as limited as Caspar Hauser's when first found, nearly all that he could make intelligible was, that he came "from the other side of the water." He had also a large vocabulary of frightful curses. He had been set to keep a peasant's swine, had lived with them, and been shut up with them at night. Scantily fed, he used to suck the milch sow, and eat with the little pigs. When first received at Overdyke he had to be kept out of the salad-beds as if he were himself a pig, for in the garden he would go down on all fours, and grub among the growing vegetables with his projecting teeth. He retained also a brotherly regard for the whole race of pigs, and understood them so well that they would let him ride upon their backs. His pleasantest memories were incidents of his life among them as a child. This Clemens, who had a narrow head and a low forehead, was of imperfect intellect, though not an idiot. Given to laughter, and open to kindness, he was liable also to uncontrollable fits of passion. Once, when he had tried to murder his benefactor with a wood-cutter's axe that he held in his hand, he was carried away laughing to confinement.

The other wild boy at the Overdyke asylum had learned to live as the beasts of the forest, only prowling about villages of nights to steal food. He climbed trees for eggs and birds, that he ate raw, and had extraordinary knowledge of birds and their habits. To each that he knew he gave a name of its own, and it is said that the birds seemed to recognize the names he whistled after them.

Sir William Sleeman, in his narrative of a journey through the kingdom of Oude, gives a very curious account of a boy, said to have been taken when running on all fours with a she-wolf and her three cubs. They were all seen coming down to the river to drink when the boy was caught. The wolves, left to themselves, are very numerous among the ravines which run down to the banks of the Goomtee River. They are wolf preserves, for the Hindoo belief, that a drop of wolf's blood spilled within the bounds of any village dooms the village to destruction, acts more powerfully for wolf protection than a game law. The vagrants, with whom no conscience pleads for the protection of the wolves, are said to divide spoil with them after this fashion: Very young children go about with costly ornaments upon them. Wolves carry off and eat the children, but reject the ornaments among their refuse, and for the chance of finding these, the vagrants patronize the wolves, and are on visiting terms with them.

Getting more apocryphal as it proceeds, the native account of the habits of wolves goes on to say that a he-wolf always eats the children he gets, and so does a she-wolf, except when she is suckling; in that case she rears with her own young the stolen baby. Now as to the particular boy whom Sir William Sleeman found at Sultanpoor, and who was said to have been caught when trotting down on all fours with the wolf foster-mother, and his three cubs of foster-brothers, to the river to drink. When first caught, he had to be tied that he might not run off into holes and dens. He ran away from adults, but ran at children, snarling like a dog, to bite them. He ate his meat raw, dog fashion, using his hands as forepaws; would let a dog share with him, but snarled if a man came near. The boy was sent to Captain Nicholetts, commanding the First Oude Local Infantry, with whom he became tamer; but he growled when teased, ran to his food on all fours, and ate whatever was thrown to him, preferring raw meat and bones to gnaw. He could eat half a lamb at a time, drink a pitcher of buttermilk without drawing breath, and would pick up and eat earth and small stones. He delighted in food, but he detested clothing. In cold weather they gave him a quilt, but he tore it up and ate it bit by bit with his bread. This boy was of repulsive aspect; he shunned human society, preferring that of dogs, but when his favorite, a pariah dog that came and helped him off with his dinners, was shot because he was depriving the young foundling of his food, the boy showed no concern whatever at his loss. This "beast child," who was supposed to have been taken from the she-wolf at nine or ten years old, lived three years among men, signifying wants by a few signs—when hungry he pointed to his mouth—and was never known to speak till a few minutes before his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached, asked for some water, drank it, and then died. These few words spoken before death might have been the return of an old childish impression.

Another of Sir William's stories is of a boy said to have been carried off by a wolf when three years old, and while his parents were working in the fields at Chupra. Six years afterward he was caught when going down to the river with three wolf cubs, and recognized by a birth-mark, as well as by the scar of a scald and the marks of the wolf's teeth in his loins; for she had been seen to take him and carry him off by his loins. This boy was alive at the time of Sir W. Sleeman's visit. He could not articulate words, his knees and elbows were hardened with going on all fours. He followed his mother about for what he could get, but at night he would make off to the jungle. He also liked his meat uncooked. The village boys threw frogs to him and he ate them. When a bullock died and its skin was taken off he would go and eat it like a village dog.

The unproved fact in the case of both these idiot boys, who had been outcasts in the woods, is the wolf-nursing. The notion of wolf-rearing is commonly attached in India to the outcast idiot children, who are sometimes found living, like the beasts, upon what garbage they can find.

In Poland the same belief once gave to such unhappy children credit or discredit for having been reared among the bears. Of one such boy, caught two centuries ago in a bear-hunt, it is said that he appeared to be eight or nine years old, went on all fours, and ate greedily such things as bears love—raw flesh, apples, and honey. He was taken to the king at Warsaw and baptized Joseph. With difficulty he was taught to walk upright. He never could learn Polish, but expressed his views of life with an ursine growl. The king gave him to a vice-chamberlain, who employed him to carry wood for his kitchen. He never lost his wildness, and sometimes escaped into the woods, where the bears never molested him.

Such stories are not more credible, though more honestly set forth, than that of the Irish boy exhibited at Amsterdam, as having been reared by a sheep, so that he ran upon all fours, cropped grass, and bleated.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XV.

The two supple dusky forms went whirling so fast, there was no grasping them to part them. But presently the negro seized the Hindoo by the throat; the Hindoo just pricked him in the arm with his knife, and the next moment his own head was driven against the side of the cabin with a stunning crack; and there he was, pinned, and wriggling, and bluish with fright, whereas the other swart face close against his was dark-gray with rage, and its two fireballs of eyes rolled fearfully, as none but African eyes can roll.

Fullalove pacified him by voice and touch: he withdrew his iron grasp with sullen and lingering reluctance, and glared like a disappointed mastiff. The cabin was now full, and Sharpe was for putting both the blacks in irons. No splitter of hairs was he. But Fullalove suggested there might be a moral distinction between things that looked equally dark to the eye.

"Well, then, speak quick, both of you," said Sharpe, "or I'll lay ye both by the heels. Ye black scoundrels, what business have *you* in the captain's cabin, kicking up the devil's delight?"

Thus threatened, Vespasian panted out his tale: he had discovered this nigger, as he persisted in calling the Hindoo, eternally prowling about the good captain's door, and asking stupid questions: he had watched him, and, on the surgeon coming out with the good news that the captain was better, in had crawled "this yar abommable egotisk." And he raised a ponderous fist to point the polysyllables: with this aid the sarcasm would doubtless have been crushing: but Fullalove hung on the sable orator's arm, and told him dryly to try and speak without gesticulating. "The darned old cuss," said Vespasian, with a pathetic sigh at not being let hit him. He resumed; and told how he had followed the Hindoo, stealthily, and found him with a knife uplifted over the captain—a tremor ran through all present—robbing him. At this a loud murmur filled the room; a very ugly one, the sort of snarl with which dogs fly at dogs' throats with their teeth, and men fly at men's throats with a cord.

"Be quiet," said Sharpe, imperiously. "I'll have no lynching in a vessel I command. Now then, you, Sir, how do you know he was robbing the captain?"

"How do I know? Yah! yah! Cap'n, if you please you tell dis unskeptical gemman whether you don't miss a lilly book out of your bosom!"

During this extraordinary scene, Dodd had been looking from one speaker to another, in great surprise and some confusion: but, at the negro's direct appeal, his hand went to his breast and clutched it with a feeble but heart-rending cry.

"Oh, him not gone far. Yah! yah!" and Vespasian stooped, and took up an oil-skin packet off the floor; and laid it on the bed: "dis child seen him in dat ar niggar's hand: and heard him go whack on de floor."

Dodd hurried the packet into his bosom, then turned all gratitude to his sable friend: "Now God bless you! God bless you! Give me your honest hand! You don't know what you have done for me and mine."

And, sick as he was, he wrung Vespasian's hand with convulsive strength, and would not part with it. Vespasian patted him soothingly all over, and whimpered out: "Nebber you mind, cap'n! You bery good man: dis child bery fond of you a long time ago. You bery good man, outrageous good man, dam good man! I propose your health: invalesce directly!"

While Dodd was speaking, the others were silent out of respect: but now Sharpe broke in, and, with the national desire to hear both sides, called on Ramgolam for his version. The Hindoo was now standing with his arms crossed on his breast, looking all the martyr, meek and dignified. He inquired of Sharpe, in very broken English, whether he spoke Hindostanee?

"Not I: nor don't act it neither," said Sharpe.

At this confession Ramgolam looked down on him with pity and mild contempt.

Mr. Tickell was put forward as interpreter.

Ramgolam (in Hindoostanee). He, whom Destiny, too strong for mortals, now oppresses with iron hand, and feeds with the bread of affliction——

Mr. Tickell (translating). He, who by bad luck has got into trouble——

Ramgolam. Has long observed the virtues that embellish the commander of this ship resembling a mountain, and desired to imitate them——

Tickell. Saw what a good man the captain is, and wanted to be like him——

Vespasian. The darned old cuss.

Ramgolam. Seeing him often convey his hand to his bosom, I ascribed his unparalleled excellence to the possession of some sovereign talisman. (Tickell managed to translate this sentence all but the word talisman, which he rendered—with all a translator's caution—"article.") Finding him about to depart to the regions of the blessed, where such auxiliaries are not needed, and being eager to emulate his perfections here below, I came softly to the place where he lay——

Tickell. When I saw him going to slip his cable, I wanted to be as good a fellow as he is, so I crept alongside——

Ramgolam. And gently, and without force, made myself proprietor of the amulet, and inheritor of a good man's qualities——

Tickell. And quietly boned the article, and the captain's virtues. I don't know what the beggar means.

Ramgolam. Then a traitor with a dark skin, but darker soul——

Tickell. Then another black-hearted nigger——

Ramgolam. Came furiously and misappropriated the charm thus piously obtained——

Tickell. Ran in and stole it from me.

Ramgolam. And bereft me of the excellences I was inheriting: and——

Here Sharpe interrupted the dialogue by putting the misappropriator of other men's virtues in irons: and the surgeon insisted on the cabin being cleared. But Dodd would not part with the three friends yet: he begged them to watch him, and see nobody else came to take his children's fortune.

"I'll sink or swim with it; but, oh, I doubt we shall have no luck while it is aboard me. I never had a pirate alongside before, in all these years. What is this?—here's something *in* it now; something hard—something heavy: and—why it is a bullet!"

On this announcement, an eager inspection took place: and, sure enough, a bullet had passed through Dodd's coat, and waistcoat, etc., and through the oil-skin, and the leather pocket-book, and just dented the "Hard Cash;" no more.

There was a shower of comments and congratulations.

The effect of this discovery on the sick man's spirits was remarkable. "I was a villain to belie it," said he. "It is my wife's, and my children's; and it has saved my life for them."

He kissed it, and placed it in his bosom, and soon after sunk into a peaceful slumber. The excitement had not the ill-effect the surgeon feared: it somewhat exhausted him; and he slept long: but, on awakening, was pronounced out of danger. To tell the truth, the tide had turned in his favor overnight; and it was to convey the good news on deck the surgeon had left him.

While Dodd was recovering, the *Agra* was beating westward, with light but contrary winds: and a good month elapsed without any incident affecting the Hard Cash, whose singular adventures I have to record. In this dearth please put up with a little characteristic trifle, which did happen one moonlight night. Mr. Fullalove lay coiled below decks in deep abstraction meditating a patent: and, being in shadow and silent, he saw Vespasian in the moonlight creeping on all fours like a guilty thing into the bedroom of Colonel Kenealy, then fast asleep. A horrible suspicion thrilled through Fullalove: a suspicion he waited grimly to verify.

The transatlantic Mixture, Fullalove, was not merely an inventor a philanthrope a warrior a preacher a hunter a swimmer a fiddler a sharp fellow a good fellow a Puritan and a Bohemian; he was also a Theorist: and his Theory, which dub we

THE AFRICAN THEORY,

had two branches. 1. That the races of men started equal: but accident upon accident had walked some tribes up a ladder of civilization, and kicked others down it, and left others standing at the foot.

2. That the good work of centuries could be done, at a pinch, in a few generations, by artificial condensation of the favorable circumstances. For instance, secure this worker in Ebony 150 years' life, and he would sign a penal bond to produce Negroes of the fourth descent, equal in mind to the best contemporary white. "You can breed Brains," said he, "under any skin, as inevitably as Fat. It takes time and the right crosses; but so does Fat; or ratther it did; for Fat is an institution now." And here our Republican must have a slap at thrones; "Compare," said he, "the opportunities of these distinguished Gentlemen and Ladies with their acts! Their seats have been high, but their minds low, I swan. They have been breeders for ages: and known the two rudiments of the science; have crossed and crossed for grenadiers, race-horses, poultry, and prize bullocks; and bred in and in for fools; but which of them has ever aspired to breed a Newton, a Pascal, a Shakspeare, a Solon, a Raphael? Yet all these were results to be obtained by the right crosses, as surely as a swift horse or a circular sow. Now fancy breeding short-horns when you might breed long heads." So Vespasian was to engender Young Africa; he was to be first elevated morally and intellectually as high as he would go, and, then set to breed; his partner, of course to be elected by Fullalove, and educated as high, as she would consent to without an illicit connection with the Experimentalist. He would be down on their Pickaninnies, before the parents could transfer the remnant of their own weaknesses to them, polysyllables included; and would polish these ebony chips: and, at the next cross, reckoned to rear a genius, by which time as near as he could calculate, he the Theorist would be in his dotage: and all the better; make a curious contrast in favor of young Africa.

Vespasian could not hit a barn door sitting—with a rifle: it was purely with a view to his moral improvement, mind you, that Fullalove invited him into the mizentop to fight the pirate. The Patient came gingerly and shivered there with fear. But five minutes elapsing, and he not killed, that weakness gave way to a jocund recklessness; and he kept them all gay with his quaint remarks, of which I must record but one. When they crossed the stern of the pirate, the distance was so small that the faces of that motley crew were plainly visible: now, Vespasian was a merciless critic of colored skins; "Wal," said he, turning up his nose sky-high, "dis child never seen such a mixallaneous biling o darkeys as this yar; why darned ef there ain't every color in the rainbow; from the ace of spades down to the fine dissolving views." This amazing description coupled with his look of affront and disgust, made the white men roar; for men fighting for their lives have a greater tendency to laugh than one would think possible. Fullalove was proud of the critic, and for a while lost sight of the pirate in his theory; which also may seem strange. But your true theorist is a man apart: he can withdraw into himself under difficulties. "What said one of the breed two thousand years ago?

> Media inter prælia semper
> Sideribus cœlique plagis Superisque vacavi.

Oh the great African heart!" said Fullalove, after the battle. "By my side he fears no danger. Of all men negroes are the most capable of friendship; their affection is a mine: and we have only worked it with the lash; and that is a ridicalous mining tool I ratther think."

When Vespasian came out so strong versus Ramgolam, Fullalove was even more triumphant: for after all it is not so much the heart, as the intelligence, of the negro, we albiculi affect to doubt.

"Oh the great African intellect!" said Fullalove, publicly, taking the bull by the horns.

"I know," said Mrs. Beresford, maliciously; "down in the maps as the great African Desert."

To balance his many excellences Vespasian had an infirmity. This was, an ungovernable itch for brushing whites. If he was talking with one of that always admired, and now beloved, race, and saw a speck of dirt on him, he would brush him unobtrusively, but effectually, in full dialogue: he would steal behind a knot of whites and brush whoever needed it, however little. Fullalove remonstrated, but in vain; on this one point Instinct would not yield to Reason. He could not keep his hands off a dusty white. He would have died of the miller of Dee. But the worst was he did not stop at clothes; he loathed ill-blacked shoes: woe to all foot-leather that did not shine; his own skin furnished a perilous standard of comparison. He was eternally blacking boots en amateur. Fullalove got in a rage at this, and insisted on his letting his fellow-creature's leather alone. Vespasian pleaded hard, especially for leave to black Colonel Kenealy. "The cunnel," said he, pathetically, "is such a tarnation fine gentleman spoilt for want of a lilly bit of blacking." Fullalove replied that the colonel had got a servant whose mission it was to black his shoes. This simply amused Vespasian. "A servant?" said he. "Yah! yah! What is the use of white servants? They are not biddable. Massa Fullalove, Sar! Goramighty he reared all white men to kick up a dust, white servants inspecially, and the darkeys to brush em; and likewise additionally to make their boots shine, a lilly bit." He concluded with a dark hint that the colonel's white servant's own shoes, though better blacked than his master's, were any thing but mirrors, and that this child had his eye on them.

The black desperado emerged on tip-toe from Kenealy's cabin, just as Macbeth does from the murdered Duncan's chamber: only with a pair of boots in his hand instead of a pair of daggers; got into the moonlight, and finding himself uninterrupted, assumed the whistle of innocence, and polished them to the nine, chuckling audibly.

Fullalove watched him with an eye like a rattlesnake: but kept quiet. He saw interference would only demoralize him worse: for it is more ignoble to black boots clandestinely than bravely: men ditto.

He relieved his heart with idioms. "Darn the critter; he's fixed my flint eternally. Now I cave. I swan to man I may just hang up my fiddle: for this darkey's too hard a row to hoe."

It was but a momentary dejection. The Mixture was (inter alia) a Theorist and an Anglo-Saxon; two indomitables. He concluded to temporize with the Brush: and breed it out.

"I'm bound to cross the obsequious cuss with the catawamptiousest gal in Guinea: and one that never saw a blacking-bottle, not even in a dream." Majora canamus.

Being now about a hundred miles South of the Mauritius, in fine weather with a light breeze, Dodd's marine barometer began to fall steadily: and by the afternoon the declension had become so remarkable that he felt uneasy, and, somewhat to the surprise of the crew—for there was now scarce a breath of air—furled his slight sails, treble reefed his top-sails, had his top-gallant, and royal, yards, and gaff top-sail sent on deck, got his flying jib-boom in, etc., and made the ship snug.

Kenealy asked him what was the matter?

"Barometer going down; moon at the full; and Jonah aboard," was the reply, uttered doggedly.

Kenealy assured him it was a beautiful evening, precursor of a fine day. "See how red the sunset is:

Evening red and morning gray
Are the sure signs of a fine day."

Dodd looked, and shook his head. The sun was red: but the wrong red: an angry red: and, as he dipped into the wave, discharged a lurid coppery hue that rushed in a moment like an embodied menace over the entire heavens. The wind ceased altogether: and in the middle of an unnatural and suspicious calm the glass went down, down, down.

The moon rose: and instantly all eyes were bent on her with suspicion; for in this latitude the hurricanes generally come at the full moon. She was tolerably clear, however; but a light scud sailing across her disk showed there was wind in the upper regions.

The glass fell lower than Dodd had ever seen it.

He trusted to science; barred the lee-ports, and had the dead-lights put into the stern cabin and secured: then turned in for an hour's sleep.

Science proved a prophet. Just at seven bells, in one moment, like a thunder-bolt from the sky, a heavy squall struck the ship, and laid her almost on her beam ends. Under a less careful captain her lee-ports would have been open, and she would have gone to the bottom like a bullet.

"Ease the main sheet!" cried Sharpe, hastily, to a hand he had placed there on purpose: the man, in his hurry, took too many turns off the cleet, the strain overpowered him, he let go, and there was the sail flapping like thunder, and the sheet lashing every thing in the most dangerous way. Dodd was on deck in a moment. "Up mainsel! Get hold of the clue garnets, buntlines, and leech-lines; run them up!—Now then, over to wind'ard! Let go the main-bowling!—Keep to the run men!—Belay!"

And so the sail was saved.

"Folkstle, there!"

"Sir!"

"Hands up: furl sails!"

"Ay, ay, Sir."

(Pipe.) "All hands furl sail, ahoy!"

Up tumbled the crew, went cheerily to work, and by three bells in the middle watch had furled the few remaining sails, and treble reefed the main top-sail: under this last the ship lay to, with her head as near the wind as they could bring it, and so the voyage was suspended.

A heavy sea got up under a scourging wind that rose and rose, till the *Agra* under the pressure of that single sail treble reefed, heeled over so as to dip her lee channels. This went on till the waves rolled so high, and the squalls were so bitter, that sheets of water were actually torn off their crests and launched incessantly on deck, not only drenching Dodd and his officers, which they did not mind, but threatening to flood the ship.

Dodd battened down the hatches, and stopped that game.

Then came a danger no skill could avert: the ship lurched so rapidly that the seams of her works opened and shut: she also heeled over so violently now, as not merely to dip, but bury, her lower deck port-pendants: and so a good deal of water found ingress through the windage. Then Dodd set a gang to the pumps: for he said: "We can hardly hope to weather this out without shipping a sea: and I won't have water coming in upon water."

And now the wind, raging and roaring like discharges of artillery, and not like wind as known in our seas, seemed to have put out all the lights of heaven. The sky was inky black, and quite close to their heads: and the wind still increasing, the vessel came down to her extreme bearings, and it was plain she would soon be on her beam ends. Sharpe and Dodd met, and holding on by the life-lines, applied their speaking-trumpets tight to each other's ears: and even then they had to bawl.

"She can't carry a rag much longer."

"No, Sir; not half an hour."

"Can we furl that main taupsle?"

Sharpe shook his head. "The first moment we start a sheet, the sail will whip the mast out of her."

"You are right. Well then, I'll cut it away."

"Volunteers, Sir?"

"Ay, twelve: no more. Send them to my cabin."

Sharpe's difficulty was to keep the men back, so eager were the fine fellows to risk their lives. However, he brought twelve to the cabin, headed by Mr. Grey, who had a right, as captain of the watch, to go with them; on which right he insisted in spite of Dodd's earnest request that he would forego it. When Dodd saw his resolution, he dropped the friend, and resumed the captain: and spoke to them through a trumpet; the first time he had ever used one in a cabin, or seen one used.

"Mr. Grey, and men, going aloft to save the mainmast, by cutting the sail away."

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"Service of danger, great danger!"

"Hurrah!"

"But great dangers can be made smaller by working the right way. Attend! Lay out all on the yard, and take your time from one; man at the lee yard arm: don't know who that will be; but one of the smartest men in the ship. Order to *him* is; hold his knife hand well up; rest to see; and then in knives altogether: mind and cut from you, and below the reef band; and then I hope to see all come down alive."

Mr. Grey and his twelve men left the cabin; and hey! for the maintop. The men let the officer lead them as far as Jacob's ladder, and then hurrah for the lee yard arm! That was where all wanted to be, and but one could be: Grey was as anxious as the rest: but officers of his rank seldom go aloft, and soon fall out of their cat-like habits. He had done about six ratlines, when instead of going hand over head, he spread his arms to seize a shroud on each side of him: by this he weakened his leverage, and the wind just then came fiercer, caught him, and flattened him against the rigging as tight as if Nature had caught up a mountain for a hammer and nailed him with a cedar; he was spread-eagled. The men accepted him at once as a new patent ratline with a fine resisting power: they went up him, and bounded three ordinary ratlines at a go off all his promontories, especially his shoulders, and his head, receiving his compliments in the shape of hearty curses: they gained the top and lay out on the yard with their hair flying like streamers: and who got the place of honor, but Thompson, the jolly foretopman, who couldn't stand smoked pea soup. So strong and so weak are men.

Thompson raised his knife high; there was a pause: then in went all their knives, and away went the sail into the night of the storm, and soon seemed a sheet of writing paper, and more likely to hit the sky than the sea. The men came down, picked their officer off the rigging, had a dram in the captain's cabin, and saw him enter their names in the log-book for good service, and in the purser's for extra grog on Sundays from there to Gravesend.

The ship was relieved; and all looked well, till the chronometer, their only guide now, announced sunset: when the wind, incredible as it may appear, increased, and one frightful squall dipped the muzzles of the lee carronades in the water.

Then was heard the first cry of distress: an appalling sound; the wail of brave men. And they had borne it all so bravely, so cheerfully, till now. But now they knew something must go, or else the ship; the suspense was awful, but very short. Crack! crash! the fore and main top mast both gone; short off by the caps; and the ship recovered slowly, hesitatingly, tremblingly.

Relieving her from one danger this subjected her to another and a terrible one. The heavy spars that had fallen, unable to break loose from the rigging, pounded the ship so savagely as to threaten to stave in her side.

But neither this stout captain nor his crew shirked any danger men had ever grappled with since men were; Dodd ordered them to cut away the wreck to leeward: it was done: then to windward: this, the more ticklish operation, was also done smartly: the wreck passed under the ship's quarter, and she drifted clear of it. They breathed again.

At eight bells in the first watch it began to thunder and lighten furiously; but the thunder, though close, was quite inaudible in the tremendous uproar of the wind and sea. It blew a hurricane: there were no more squalls now; but one continuous tornado, which in its passage through that great gaunt skeleton, the ship's rigging and bare poles, howled and yelled and roared so terrifically, as would have silenced a salvo of artillery fired alongside. The overwhelming sea ran in dark watery mountains crested with devilish fire. The inky blackness added supernatural horror; the wrath of the Almighty seemed upon them: and his hand to drop the black sky down on them for their funeral pall. Surely Noah from his ark saw nothing more terrible.

What is that? close on the lee bow: close: the flash of a gun: another; another; another. A ship in distress firing minute-guns, in their ears; yet no sound: human thunder silenced, as God's thunder was silenced by the uproar of his greater creatures in their mad rage. The *Agra* fired two minute-guns to let the other poor ship know she had a companion in her helplessness, and her distress, and probably a companion in her fate. Even this companionship added its mite of danger: for both ships were mere playthings of the elements; they might be tossed together; and then what would be their fate? Two eggs clashed together in a great boiling caldron, and all the life spilt out.

Yet did each flash shoot a ray of humanity and sympathy into the thick black supernatural horror.

And now came calamity upon calamity. A tremendous sea broke the tiller at the rudder-head, and not only was the ship in danger of falling off and shipping the sea, but the rudder hammered her awfully, and bade fair to stave in her counter, which is another word for Destruction. Thus death came at them with two hands open at once.

These vessels always carry a spare tiller: they tried to ship it: but the difficulty was prodigious. No light but the miserable deck lantern—one glow-worm in Egypt supernaturally darkened—the *Agra* never on an even keel, and heeling over like a sea-saw more than a ship; and then every time they did place the tiller, and get the strain on with their luff tackles, the awful sea gave it a blow and knocked it away like a hair.

At last they hit it off, or thought they had, for the ponderous thumps of the rudder ceased entirely. However, the ship did not obey this new tiller like the old one: her head fell off in an unlucky moment when seven waves were rolling in one, and, on coming to the windward again, she shipped a sea. It came in over her bow transversely; broke as high as the mainstay, and hid and buried the whole ship before the mast: carried away the waist bulwarks on both sides, filled the launch, and drowned the live-stock which were in it: swept four water-butts and three men away into the sea, like corns and straws; and sent tons of water down the forescuttle and main hatchway, which was partly opened not to stifle the crew; and flooded the gun deck ankle-deep.

Dodd, who was in his cabin, sent the whole crew to the pumps, except the man at the wheel; and prepared for the worst.

In men so brave as he was, when Hope dies, Fear dies. His chief care now was to separate the fate of those he loved from his own. He took a bottle, inserted the fatal money in it, with a few words of love to his wife, and of direction to any stranger that should fall in with it; secured the cork with melted sealing-wax, tied oil-skin over it, and melted wax on that; applied a preparation to the glass to close the pores: and to protect it against other accidents, and attract attention, fastened a black painted bladder to it by a stout tarred twine, and painted "*Agra*, lost at sea," in white on the bladder. He had logged each main incident of the storm with that curt, business-like accuracy, which reads so cold and small a record of these great and terrible tragedies. He now made a final entry a little more in character with the situation: "About eight bells in the morning watch shipped a heavy sea forward. The rudder being now damaged, and the ship hardly manageable, brought the log and case on deck, expecting to founder shortly. Sun and moon hidden this two days, and no observation possible; but by calculation of wind and current, we should be about fifty miles to the southward of the Mauritius. God's will be done."

He got on deck with the bottle in his pocket, and the bladder peeping out: put the log, and its case, down on deck, and by means of the life-lines crawled along on his knees, and with great difficulty, to the wheel. Finding the man could hardly hold on, and dreading another sea, Dodd, with his own hands, lashed him to the helm.

While thus employed he felt the ship give a slight roll, a very slight roll, to windward. His experienced eye lightened with hope; he cast his eager glance to leeward. There it is a sailor looks for the first spark of hope. Ay, thereaway was a little, little gleam of light. He patted the helmsman on the shoulder and pointed to it; for now neither could one man speak for the wind, nor another hear. The sailor nodded joyfully.

Presently the continuous tornado broke into squalls.

Hope grew brighter.

But, unfortunately, in one furious squall the ship broke round off so as to present her quarter to the sea at an unlucky moment: for it came seven deep again, a roaring mountain, and hurled itself over her stern and quarter. The mighty mass struck her stern frame with the weight of a hundred thousand tons of water, and drove her forward as a boy launches his toy-boat on a pond; and, though she made so little resistance, stove in the dead-lights and the port frames, burst through the cabin bulk-heads, and washed out all the furniture, and Colonel Kenealy in his night-gown with a table in his arms borne on water three feet deep; and carried him under the poop awning away to the lee quarter-deck scuppers; and flooded the lower deck. Above, it swept the quarter-deck clean of every thing except the shrieking helmsman; washed Dodd away like a cork, and would have carried him overboard if he had not brought up against the mainmast and grasped it like grim death, half drowned, half stunned, sorely bruised, and gasping like a porpoise ashore.

He held on by the mast in water and foam, panting. He rolled his despairing eyes around: the bulwarks fore and aft were all in ruins, with wide chasms, as between the battlements of some decayed castle: and through the gaps he saw the sea yawning wide for him. He dare not move: no man was safe a moment, unless lashed to mast or helm. He held on, expecting death. But presently it struck him he could see much farther than before. He looked up: it was clearing overhead; and the uproar abating visibly. And now the wind did not decline as after a gale; extraordinary to the last, it blew itself out.

Sharpe came on deck, and crawled on all fours to his captain, and helped him to a life-line. He held on by it, and gave his orders. The wind was blown out; but the sea was as dangerous as ever. The ship began to roll to windward. If that was not stopped, her fate was sealed. Dodd had the main trysail set, and then the fore trysail, before he would yield to go below, though drenched, and sore, and hungry, and worn out. Those sails steadied the ship; the sea began to go down by degrees; the celestial part of nature was more generous: away flew every cloud, out came the heavenly sky bluer and lovelier than ever they had seen it: the sun flamed in its centre. Nature, after three days' eclipse, was so lovely: it seemed a new heavens and a new earth. If there was an infidel on board who did not believe in God, now his soul felt Him, in spite of the poor little head: as for Dodd, who was naturally pious, he raised his eyes toward that lovely sky in heart-felt, though silent, gratitude to its Maker for saving the ship and cargo and her peoples' lives, not forgetting the private treasure he was carrying home to his dear wife and children at home.

With this thought, he naturally looked down: but missed the bladder that had lately protruded from his pocket; he clapped his hand to his pocket all in a flutter. The bottle was gone. In a fever of alarm and anxiety, but with good hopes of finding it, he searched the deck: he looked in every cranny, behind every coil of rope the sea had not carried away.

In vain.

The sea, acting on the buoyant bladder attached, had clearly torn the bottle out of his pocket, when it washed him against the mast. His treasure then must have been driven much farther: and how far? Who could tell?

It flashed on the poor man with fearful distinctness that it must either have been picked up by somebody in the ship ere now, or else carried out to sea.

Strict inquiry was made among the men.

No one had seen it.

The fruit of his toil and prudence, the treasure Love, not Avarice, had twined with his heart-strings; was gone. In its defense he had defeated two pirates, each his superior in force; and now conquered the elements at their maddest. And in the very moment of that great victory—It was gone.

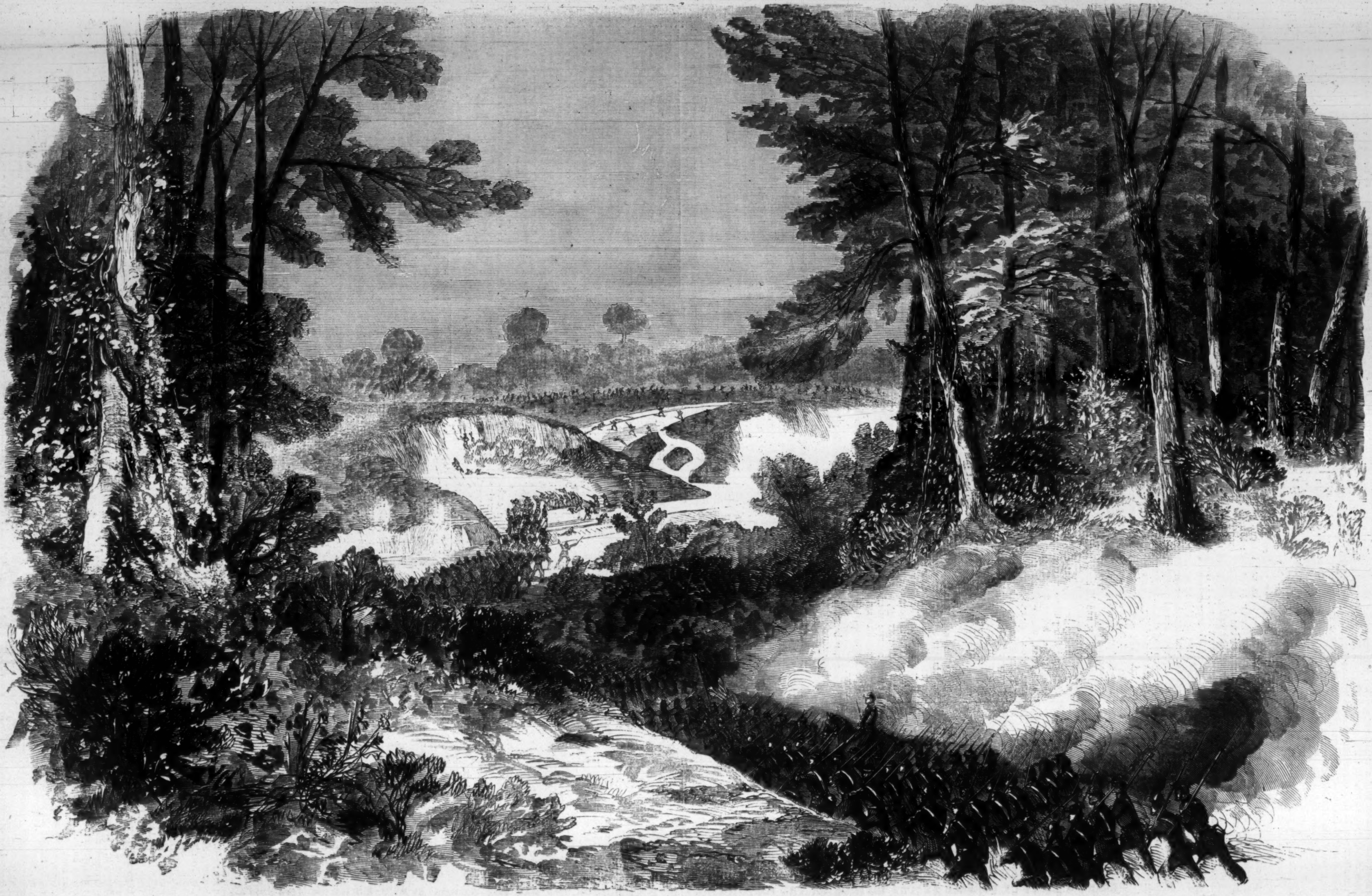
THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

On page 412 we reproduce a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Hamilton, illustrating the Commencement of the Attack on Port Hudson, Louisiana, by the capture by General Grover's division of the first rebel rifle-pit. The correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the affair:

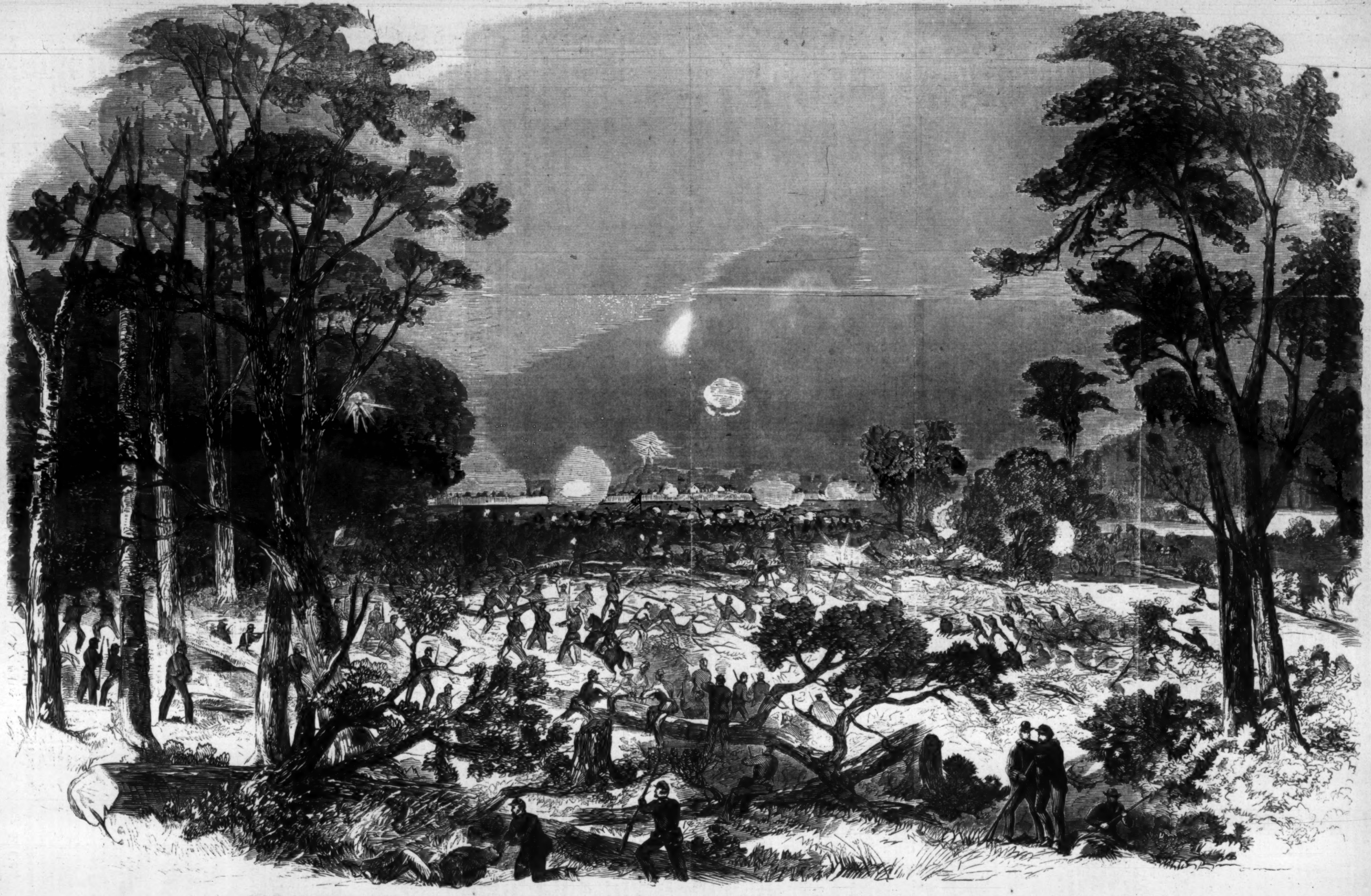
> General Grover started from Newport, six miles from Port Hudson, at 8 A.M. on Sunday the 24th, taking the Clinton direct road, the second brigade in advance, under Colonel Kimball of the Twelfth Maine, and the Twenty-fourth Connecticut thrown out as skirmishers along the whole road through dense woods. They met no opposition until they encountered the outer rifle-pits, about half past eleven o'clock. The reserve of the Twenty-fourth Connecticut was sent in the woods which flank the pits, and after a brisk and hard engagement of only half an hour drove out the enemy and took possession of the pits.
>
> General Grover then took a position right on the edge of the woods, 800 yards from the main portion of the enemy's works, but, owing to the position of the land, could only bring two pieces into play, and an artillery fight commenced, lasting from one to six o'clock, and leaving our men in their position. During the height of the artillery engagement General Grover went to the front, and a Parrott shot struck off the fore-leg of his horse, but the General himself escaped unhurt.

On page 413 we give another picture, also from a sketch by Mr. Hamilton, illustrating General Augur's recent Assault upon the Fortifications of Port Hudson—one of the most dashing acts of bravery in this war, so replete with heroic incidents. Mr. Hamilton writes:

> It having been understood that a grand and simultaneous attack from every part of our lines encircling Port Hudson was to be made on Wednesday, the 27th, General Augur, as early as 6 A.M. of that day, commenced a heavy cannonading upon the works, and continued incessantly until 2 o'clock P.M., by which time Brigadier-General Sherman, who was intended to commence his assault at the same time on the left, had his troops in readiness.
>
> General Augur's assaulting forces consisted only of Colonel E. P. Chapin's brigade, viz., the 48th Massachusetts, led by Lieutenant-Colonel O'Brien; the 49th Massachusetts, by Colonel F. W. Bartlett; the 116th New York, led by Major Love; and the 21st Maine, by Colonel Johnson; also two regiments of Colonel Dudley's brigade, called up from the right, viz., the 2d Louisiana, under Colonel Paine; and parts of the 50th Massachusetts, under Colonel Messer.
>
> Before commencing the assault Captain Holcomb's Vermont battery played upon the works to draw their fire, which he did very effectively; and then the order for the assault was given. A number of brave fellows from each regiment had volunteered to go in advance with the fascines, for the purpose of making a roadway through the moat; these were immediately followed by others who had volunteered to form the assaulting party; and after them the various regiments with their colonels, all under the immediate direction of Major-General Augur in person.
>
> The scene that presented itself to the view of our devoted men as they emerged from the wood was really appalling. Between them and the fortifications to be assaulted lay an immense open space, at least a mile in length, from right to left, and at least half a mile in depth from the edge of the wood. This space was originally a dense forest, but the rebels had ingeniously felled the trees, leaving the huge branches to interlace each other, and forming, with the thick brushwood underneath, a barrier all but impassable to any thing in human shape.
>
> It was enough to daunt the stoutest hearts; but our men are not of the stuff to be scared by any difficulties. The order had been given that Port Hudson must be taken that day, and at it they went.
>
> In so horrible a place, where men could scarcely keep their footing, and were sinking at every step up to their arm-pits, and tumbling along as best they could with their muskets and fascines through the impenetrable rubbish—the enemy all the while blazing away at them with grape, shell, and canister—the result may easily be imagined. It was wholesale slaughter.
>
> But it was glorious to see the heroism and endurance of our men. Onward they went—the old flag streaming proudly above them (the fascine-bearers falling in every direction)—until they actually, many of them, fought their way clean through the half mile of tangled rubbish to the narrow open space between it and the breast-works, where, as a matter of course, the gallant fellows perished. The unequal contest had lasted from 3 P.M. to 5 P.M., when General Augur, finding it utterly impossible to carry out the instructions he had received, withdrew his men in perfect order—returning shot for shot as they got back to the wood.
>
> During these two mortal hours many a brave soul went to rest. The gallant and much-beloved Colonel Chapin, wounded in the leg, still went on, until he received a Minié ball in the head, which killed him, after he had got within a very few yards of the breast-works. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Brien also fell, eagerly cheering his troops in the thickest of the fray. Our loss in that brief space of time amounted to 64 killed and 316 wounded—among them 27 officers killed and wounded.
>
> One of the most extraordinary instances of courage exhibited on this eventful day was that of Colonel F. W. Bartlett. This desperately brave young officer—who had already lost a leg in the Peninsula—finding it impossible to go through the impediments on foot, actually had the audacity to go on horseback—forming, of course, a conspicuous target for the whole rebel batteries and sharpshooters.
>
> Even the rebels were awed into respect by such an instance of heroism. "Who, in God's name, was that man on horseback?" said a rebel officer to Captain Cutting, of General Augur's staff, when he went under a flag of truce for our dead. On being told the name, the rebel officer exclaimed, "He is a brave man, and we actually gave orders not to shoot him." The good intention was, however, not fulfilled, as Colonel Bartlett was twice wounded, in the wrist and ankle, but fortunately only slightly.
>
> Another daring act recorded in our picture is that of Captain Holcomb, who, at the request of Major G. B. Halsted, the Assistant Adjutant-General to General Augur, brought up one little field-piece of the Vermont battery, and dashed about the road, from place to place, drawing the fire of the enemy, and thus saving many lives. In this daring feat Captain Holcomb was accompanied only by Major Halsted and six other men.



CAPTURE OF REBEL RIFLE-PITS, THREE-FOURTHS OF A MILE FROM FORT HUDSON, LOUISIANA, BY GENERAL GROVER'S DIVISION, MAY 24, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 411.]



GRAND ASSAULT OF GENERAL AUGUR'S DIVISION ON THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PORT HUDSON, 27th MAY, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 411.]

A LETTER.

Where were you when I suffered? My heart was very faint;
It wanted a heart to lean on. Where was yours at the time?
I hope you were happy somewhere; I hope no passing taint
Of the chill air I was breathing troubled your softer clime.

I am thinking of you always, and I am afraid at night;
For before I dream, I fancy, and my dreams are fancy-marred;
And I see you lying wounded, with your face upturned to the light,
And I can not stoop to kiss it; and I think the parting hard.

I was reading alone—there was only the light of the fire—
When I thought you stood behind me, and I dared not turn my head.
Why was my heart so poor as to shrink from its best desire?—
I think you were there for a moment, but when I turned you were fled.

Where were you at that moment? Were you thinking of me?
Were you watching the turbans wind up the dry brown slope,
And, when they reached the top, and you knew they looked at the sea,
Were you dreaming of England? had you an hour of hope?

Oh, that hope is so weary; I have it always here.
Whenever it plays me false, they tell me I *must* not doubt;
But though they call it Hope, it is only a mask for Fear;
And it never lets me rest, and I think it is wearing me out.

You will hardly know me again, I am grown so pale and thin—
I looked in the glass to-day, and my face was old and strange;
And I felt a pang of dread when they told me the mail was come in,
For I thought, if you came home, that you would not like the change.

I suppose you are brown and fierce, and your eyes are ready to flash;
You walk erect and swift—you have always something to do.
Ah! you men are happy; you live with a burst and a dash:
Weeping wastes us away, but work ennobles you.

I am a pain in my home; they watch me with looks of distress;
Always they soften their tones when they ask me, "Dear, will you go?"
And because I want them to smile, I often smile and say "Yes;"
But when the dance grows gay, I wish I had dared to say "No."

For I should not like, when we sit together and talk and trace,
Our joy coming step by step through the gloom while you were away—
I should not like to see one doubt flit over your face:
"Perhaps she hardly missed me; her life was so light and gay."

Ah, a letter again! It brings no tidings to me.
I have not the heart to read, and I feel too languid to speak.
What! You are coming home! You are crossing the dear kind sea!
You are rushing home to me now! I shall see your face in a week!

He is coming;—where are you all?—he is coming. Do you not know?
See, I am kissing the words which I was afraid to read!
What are you saying, mother? Why do you look at me so?
"*Ten years younger*," mother? Yes, I should think so indeed!

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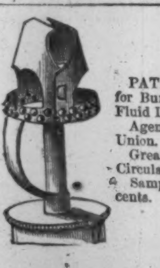

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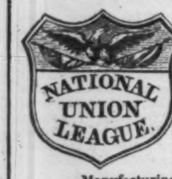

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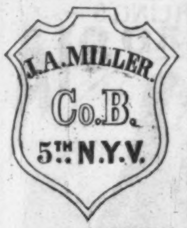
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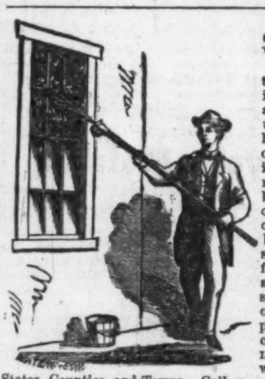

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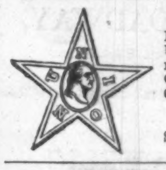

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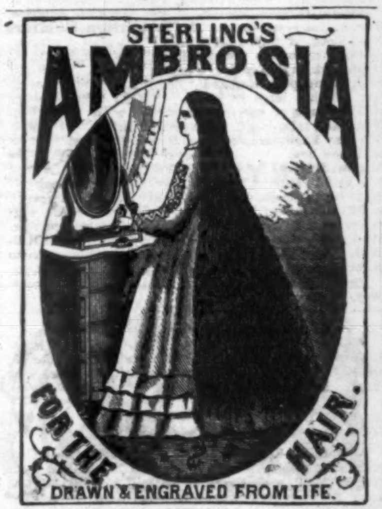
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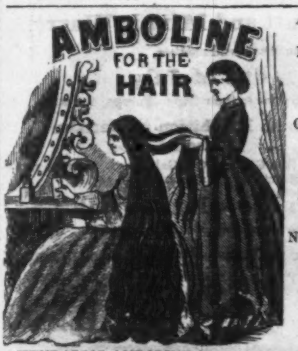

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